

The Listener

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B. O. Hobbs

In this number:

- German Plans for Atomic Development (Terence Prittie)
Murder Without Design (A. R. N. Cross)
Stories of Chinese Ghosts (Arthur Waley)

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The Listener

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We regret that owing to circumstances beyond our control, THE LISTENER has not appeared for the past four weeks, and that the present number is smaller than usual. For these facts we ask for our readers' indulgence

German Plans for Atomic Development

By Terence Prittie

SEVERAL years ago a small delegation visited western Germany. It came from Hiroshima and aroused a morbid interest. Hiroshima had a vogue. Newspapers were filled with pictures of its desolation and pointed the obvious moral of the godlessness of war.

Since 1945 the Germans have organised something like a national conspiracy not to find out about their own past. Many Germans who saw the film of Belsen concentration camp were amused—by what they thought must be clumsy propaganda. Most Germans deny that there was such a thing as a war-crime. But the dropping of the atom bomb, by the other side, made a deep impression. Terrible things had been done by both sides: the national conscience could relax.

Last spring the Western Powers organised an air-exercise which made as big an impression as the Hiroshima delegation. Operation Carte Blanche showed where atom bombs would be dropped on German territory in order temporarily to seal off the rest of western Europe from a Soviet invading army. Selected targets included the towns of Celle, Gütersloh, Cologne, Oldenburg, and München-Gladbach. No reckoning was made as to how many German civilians would be killed; for the object of Carte Blanche was to show how an 'atomic barrage' could hold up armies.

Carte Blanche had quick repercussions. In June, Professor Otto Hahn—who was the first to split the uranium nucleus—appealed for the banning of atomic warfare. In July, eighteen Nobel prize-winners met on the island of Mainau in Lake Constance and made a similar appeal. A fortnight later a conference of university rectors did the same at Münster. Talk of an 'atomic Pearl Harbour' and 'atomic counter-

stroke' became frequent. Germans were worried by the atomic cannon which the American army displayed publicly in the streets of Mainz, by the stockpiles of guided missiles and the rocket-launching sites west of the Rhine.

They guess that their country would become target number one for nuclear missiles in a third world war. In the circumstances, then, it is surprising how quickly west Germans have adapted themselves during the last few months to the idea of intensive nuclear development. Last spring and summer there were only vague murmurings about this subject, mainly from a handful of industrialists. Only in September was Herr Strauss—forty-two years old and bursting with energy—asked to form an Atom Ministry. Only in December was this ministry installed, with a staff of under a dozen. Yet, since late last summer, journals have been filled with news of atomic-development plans and there have been no more highly emotional protests.

There is one main reason for this change of mood—the same reason which virtually ended active resistance in western Germany to rearmament, resulting this month in only 75,000 out of 3,500,000 voters in Baden-Wurtemberg supporting the only two openly neutralist parties. Most west Germans are not keen to re-arm. Most are still frightened by nuclear development. But eastern Germany has already been given an army—however embryonic and undependable—and eastern Germany has now started on nuclear development. West Germans cannot hold back.

The facts of eastern German atomic progress have received strangely little publicity outside Germany. Since 1948 the Russians have opened up a whole chain of uranium mines between the Saxon town of Aue and Johanngeorgen-

stadt in Czechoslovakia. On the German side these mines have been worked by a single Soviet-owned company, the 'Wismuth A.G.', by between 80,000 to 100,000 men, all of slave-labour. To begin with they often worked up to their waists in water, were closely guarded, and lived in 'forbidden' areas. Workers are now reasonably housed, paid, and recruited in a normal way. The immense importance of these mines is illustrated by the fact that, according to German experts, they produce about one-third of the uranium used by the Soviet Union.

Russian Motives

Last autumn the Russians gave the east Germans a chance to make a start in the atomic field. They had three obvious motives. They may be prepared under certain circumstances to withdraw their twenty-five division army from east German soil but want to ensure a containing supply of uranium. In the second place, they gave eastern Germany 'satellite sovereignty' last summer and may want to lend some reality to that status. Finally, they want to avail themselves of the ingenuity of German scientists and technicians—which is not best done by simply deporting them to Russia.

On December 9 the East German Scientific Council for Nuclear Research was formed under Nobel prize-winner Professor Gustav Hertz, with twenty-one members, including three leading nuclear scientists. One of them, Herr von Ardenne, was just back from Russia where he had been collaborating in recent Soviet research experiments. He is intended to be the key man in the east German nuclear programme, and has already been installed in newly appointed laboratories of the physics research institute of Dresden Technical College.

On January 1, the Russians began a staged hand-over of the Wismuth company and over 100 Russian technicians left for home. Under a secret agreement between the Soviet and East German Governments the Russians have agreed to provide nuclear fuels—in fact natural, and possibly some enriched, uranium—in return for the continuing supply of uranium ores. The Wismuth company will become a state-socialised firm and the special premiums paid by the Russians will cease on April 1, when wages will be adjusted to German scales. The hand-over should then be complete.

In January, too, the East German Government made its first financial grant to nuclear research—500,000,000 marks—at a time when its much richer west German rival was wavering over contributing a mere 15,000,000 marks to the first 'Federal reactor' due to be set up at Karlsruhe. The East German Government has already placed its first big nuclear order, for 8,600,000 marks worth of equipment from the east Berlin firm of Bergmann-Borsig. It has appointed an 'Atomic Minister', Willi Stoph, who is also Minister of Defence.

There are two main purposes in these quickly developing plans. The first is the exchange of small quantities of Russian nuclear fuels for east German ores. The second is to prepare the way for an east German nuclear power programme. Eastern Germany's real ruler, Walter Ulbricht, has admitted the chronic shortage of electrical power. Ambitious plans for developing brown coal and lignite resources will not eliminate power shortages, which must grow as the east German economy is progressively geared up.

East German nuclear progress is going to act as a spur to the west Germans. For one thing, their electrical power problem will become at least as urgent in a few years time. Present consumption in the Federal Republic runs at 70,000,000 kilowatts a year; by 1960, demand should grow to 100,000,000 and by 1970 to 170,000,000 kilowatts. Experts believe, with all hydro-electric resources exploited, there will still be a gap of 40,000,000 kilowatts by 1970. Herr Strauss' advisers want to bridge this gap by launching a twelve-year programme costing 20 billion marks and providing 37,000,000 kilowatts. Leading west German firms

have established working parties to solve this problem. Its urgency is such that a start on the nuclear power programme has to be made before 1962.

Much of west German nuclear planning is in its most elementary stages. The Federal authorities hope to train 1,000 nuclear scientists in the next five years, since no émigré scientists are likely to return home. There are probably only around fifty nuclear scientists in western Germany, as opposed to round figures of 3,000 in Britain and 10,000 in the United States. Herr Strauss formed his advisory 'Atom Commission' of twenty-five a few years ago. Its immediate task is to make recommendations on existing drafts of an 'atomic law'. The survey of known uranium resources is being pushed ahead by *Land* governments and industrial firms, but prospects are unexciting. Reserves in the Black Forest and Fichtelgebirge mountains are low-grade and might yield only eight to ten tons of metal.

The first Federal reactor, of 6,000 to 10,000 kilowatts, will be constructed at Karlsruhe at a cost of 40,000,000 marks. Work should begin next month and be finished early in 1958.

The Federal Government has concluded a 'standard agreement' with the United States for the import of twenty per cent. enriched uranium in a six-kilogram 'charge' which will be later returned with the plutonium and other substances 'brewed up' inside it. Negotiations have begun with Britain and America for the import of reactors and of natural uranium. The Germans want, too, to import 'breeder reactors' which produce electrical power as well as Uranium 233. Next will come the problem of procuring nuclear equipment. Again Britain is a probable supplier and members of British firms have already been to western Germany to examine the market.

By 1959 the Germans should install at least six research reactors and should begin work on a nuclear power programme. Advice and supplies will come mainly from Britain and the United States. Meanwhile talks are progressing over the establishment of a European atomic pool, or Euratom. Members would include the Schuman Plan countries and perhaps Scandinavia. The pool would procure and distribute nuclear fuels, exchange information, and co-ordinate research and civil defence planning. It could set up joint research establishments and might finance a separation-plant which produces enriched uranium. Such a plant is costly and eats electricity. It would consume one third of western Germany's total supply. That is why no single European country can, like Britain or the United States, install its own.

The Germans want close international co-operation over nuclear development. They have no objection to a common market or joint research establishments. But they are against a monopoly for Euratom in the purchase of fuels, or the pooling of patents, or Euratom becoming 'sole partner' in nuclear deals with Britain and the United States. They believe that these things will reduce initiative, slow down progress, and create a bureaucracy in an infant industry which needs maximum freedom.

A Cockfighting Mentality

Germans are optimistic about their nuclear future. They will, with their immense drive, utilise benefits such as a loosely bound Euratom, advice and technical aid from Britain and America, and the great experience of men like Hahn and Heisenberg. A few years ago the nuclear development of western Germany would have seemed inconceivable. But then so, too, did German rearmament. The division of Germany has given the 'protectors' of the two halves a cockfighting mentality. The two halves are being given sovereignty, armies, and now nuclear power. Each is encouraged to do better than the other. Since every German believes in the ultimate reunification of his country, one might well ask: what sort of Germany will we and the Russians have created when reunification does take place? The answer—thanks to expected nuclear progress—is a Germany so strong that it can once again become a world power.

What are the yardsticks of world power? Steel is one, and last year western Germany produced over 21,000,000 tons, 1,000,000 tons more than Britain. If Germany were reunified in five years time, its total steel production should be around 35,000,000 tons—seventy-eight per cent. of present Russian production and double what Hitler needed to launch his war. Military force is still a yardstick. Today there are 130,000 men under arms in eastern Germany and the Federal Republic is to organise its twelve-division army by the end of 1959. After that date the Federal Republic will be producing 150,000 trained reservists a year. In five years time a reunified Germany should have twenty divisions available, along with several hundred thousand reservists. A third yardstick of power is economic stability. Reunification would bring a second 'economic miracle', this time to eastern Germany. In western Germany a phase of absorbing 10,000,000 refugees, repairing the ravages of war, and stabilising the D-mark is nearly over. Great industrial firms are beginning to invest heavily abroad and the era of real economic expansion is only beginning.

Nuclear power is the most important yardstick of all, and

here a united Germany will have unique advantages. The west German technical progress which is sure to take place will be supplemented by east German uranium. Nor can German technical brilliance and grinding energy be restricted to peaceful nuclear development. Once it was split, the atom could no longer be bound by artificial limitations.

A Germany of over 70,000,000 people, with the best army in Europe, mounting steel production, and control of its own nuclear resources—that is the picture which German reunification suggests. A Germany on this scale could afford to be independent and neutral between east and west. Even western Germany on her own is beginning to feel her strength. Her Finance Minister has just refused to pay towards the upkeep of allied armies on German soil, her Defence Minister has secured the use of nuclear weapons for the German army, a prominent member of Parliament has called for withdrawal from Nato. Finally, talks has begun about a 'new political wind blowing', about 'the end of the Adenauer era', and that dangerous word 'Realpolitik' has crept back into German political thought.—*From a talk in the Third Programme.*

Israel and the Arab States

By Sibyl Eyre Crowe

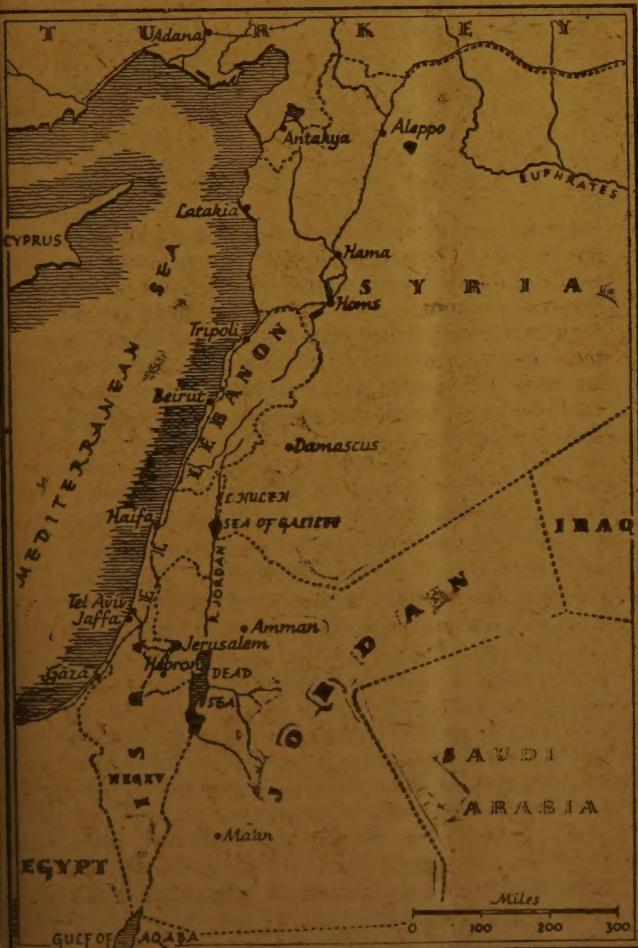
POLITICAL and military controversy over Israel and the Arab States has tended to distract attention from the social and economic problems raised by the outcome of the Palestinian war. It is all too easily assumed that if the political and military questions could be settled, all could be settled—quite soon and fairly easily. But this is, in fact, far from being the case.

In the first place, the war has resulted in the creation

of two states—Israel and Jordan—which are unviable economically without—and even with—substantial financial assistance. The main reason for this is simple: there are too many people in countries too poor to support them. Let us take Israel first, which is by far the better off of the two. Not only does she possess 80 per cent. of the former mandated area of Palestine (8,000 out of 10,000 square miles), a proportion which is interesting to compare with the 55 per cent. allotted to her by the United Nations award of 1948; and the 6½ per cent. actually bought and cultivated by her nationals before 1948. She has also acquired all the richest agricultural land which Palestine contained, all the citrus groves, half of which were owned by Arabs before 1948, all the rich coastal plains, all modern Jerusalem, all the former water supply of Jerusalem, and—more important still for her future development—a sufficient surplus of water supplies from all sources in the north to enable her to irrigate large parts of the arid Negev in the south. She has a Mediterranean as well as a Red Sea port and complete control of the Haifa railway. Two-thirds of her population are of European origin and therefore possess in large measure the skill and managing capacity necessary to a modern progressive state. She has a population of about 1,750,000 people. In 1947 the area now lying within her borders contained 1,500,000 people. Already considered by experts to be over-populated then, it must certainly be over-populated now. But it is nothing like as over-populated as the Kingdom of Jordan.

Israel has, too, received financial aid on an unprecedented scale in relation to the size of her population. The total amount of aid received by her since 1948 has been estimated at £700,000,000. Of this about £200,000,000 has come from world Jewry, mostly in the form of a gift; about £200,000,000 from German reparations delivered up to date, all in the form of a gift; and £105,000,000 from the United States Government—£65,500,000 in the form of a gift and £40,000,000 in the form of loans. With all these initial advantages and all this financial help, what is Israel's position today? Certainly there has been much progress since 1948. The amount of cultivated land has doubled and the irrigated area has trebled. Agricultural and industrial output have both increased enormously and so has overseas trade. Some 750,000 new immigrants have been absorbed and there is little unemployment.

This is the credit side of the picture. But the debit side



is dark and overshadows it, for, in spite of all this, Israel is still able to pay for only 30 per cent. of her own imports. According to her own estimates she will, too, need further financial assistance to the value of £570,000,000 over the next five years, if she is to narrow the gap in her balance of payments to a proportion small enough to be covered by more or less permanent contributions from world Jewry. She counts on getting £140,000,000 from the rest of the German reparations due to her; £62,000,000 from the United States; and £76,000,000 from private investment. For the rest—£291,000,000—she has only world Jewry to turn to. Even if she receives these vast sums there is in fact no guarantee that she will be able to pay her way by 1960, for by then her population by natural increase alone will have reached the 2,000,000 mark, and if North African immigration continues at the present rate it will be about 2,200,000. So the financial prospect for Israel is not bright—especially as only about a quarter of the aid received by her has gone into really productive enterprise; whilst about half has simply been consumed. Will these ratios necessarily change?

Agricultural Targets for 1960

Her agricultural targets for 1960 envisage an increase of 250,000 acres in the irrigated area, with an accompanying increase in production big enough to make her self-sufficient in all foodstuffs except grains. But it is not clear where all this irrigated land is to come from.

At present, plans seem to be limited to irrigating about 50,000 acres in the Negev. But even with these, great difficulties are being encountered. There are financial difficulties because most of the settlers are new immigrants from North Africa, and the cost of settling a new immigrant from a backward country upon the land, even at a standard well below a European one, is £400 a head. There are also social and economic difficulties because the new immigrants, who are in any case not peasants but artisans or townsfolk in origin, have primitive methods and habits, and cannot be taught to cultivate well. Nor can they do what is expected of every rural settler in Israel—namely, co-operate.

In any case, self-sufficiency in foodstuffs could not solve Israel's problems. It is on the development of industry and industrial exports that her future must primarily depend. The increase in her industrial output and overseas trade since 1948 means little, because there was little industry then and practically no overseas trade. Not only does industry need large capital investment to get going at all, but continuing costs will be heavy because, with few exceptions, all Israel's industrial raw materials have to be imported. Her trading prospects are further handicapped by low productivity, and by high costs of production, owing to the inflationary trends in her economy. These have been much aggravated by her absorption of such a large number of immigrants, as well as by her insistence on the maintenance of a near-European standard of living for the bulk of her population. If oil were found in large quantities this might revolutionise the situation. But, at the moment, the amount of oil produced is trifling.

If this is the position of Israel, where it has been officially stated that 'the purpose of the state cannot be considered to be fulfilled unless hundreds of thousands and even millions of Jews who wish or need to come to Israel have entered their homeland', what about Jordan? The new kingdom was formed in 1948 out of a union of West Jordan, the 2,000 square miles of Palestinian territory remaining to the Arabs, and East Jordan, the former mandated territory of Transjordan.

Barring the desert, West Jordan was already considered to be the poorest part of Palestine, and was never agriculturally self-supporting. Before 1948 its pre-war population of 425,000 people lived largely by their connection with the richer parts of Palestine, working in the towns, on the railways, in the Mandate services, and in the British army. Today all these sources of employment have gone and the population has doubled in size. It includes 350,000 refugees, all of whom are fed, at bare subsistence level, but only a

third of whom are housed by Unrra. The greatly increased non-refugee population has to live as best it can, on greatly diminished resources. Many thousands do so at, or near, starvation level. Particularly catastrophic is the position of the 120,000 people in the frontier villages, who have nearly all their richest lands in the plains to Israel. As these people are not homeless they are not officially classed as refugees and receive no rations from Unrra. Their plight is terrible.

East Jordan has no frontier problem. But it has many others. Its pre-war population of 300,000 people has more than doubled in size and includes 140,000 refugees. It is always a poor country barely able to support itself. Most of it is desert; and outside the desert only a narrow strip of hilly land, about 1,000,000 acres in extent, is really cultivable at all. Even this has an uncertain rainfall. In 1948 the country was just reaching the stage when it could do without British subsidies. Now, its standard of living has been dragged right down again by the struggle for water, homes, and food of its own increased population as well as of the refugees.

So the Kingdom of Jordan—taking the east and west parts together—has more than doubled its population since 1948. It contains a population of 1,500,000 people—50,000 of whom are refugees; and there are 160,000 unemployed. Since 1948 it has received financial assistance to the value of £114,000,000 from all sources: £75,000,000 from British Government, most of which has gone in the form of direct subsidies to the Arab Legion, the rest being spent on development loans and ever-growing contributions to the budget; about £35,000,000 from Unrra for the support of the refugees, who cost £10 a year a head; and £4,000,000 in development assistance from the United States. In spite of this, rags, misery, and hunger pervade the country, and it is only able to pay for 20 per cent. of its imports.

The question that really arises is whether, given more financial assistance for development (she has so far received relatively small sums for this purpose), Jordan could really improve her economic position to any appreciable extent. Her only important raw materials are phosphates and Dead Sea salts. Both would probably repay investment, particularly her phosphates, if, as is hoped, the present mine works on a small scale at Rusafa forms part of a really big deposit. This would improve her balance of payments, if she could surmount the problem of having no Mediterranean port. But the phosphate industry cannot absorb a great amount of labour. The biggest agricultural project considered is the irrigation of 100,000 acres in the Jordan valley, so far held up because of the necessity of an agreement with Israel, who controls the head waters of the Jordan. Some 10,000 acres round Maan might also be irrigated. There might be more terracing of the rocky hillsides of West Jordan, with the help of British loans; and further conversion of certain lands in East Jordan to more paying terraced cultivation. Light industry might absorb about 20,000 people. But this, the Jordan valley scheme included, would provide work for only about 300,000 more people in the next ten years, when the present population will have increased by 500,000. It seems clear therefore that Jordan simply cannot support its population, and that something will in any case have to be done about the 500,000 refugees.

Resettlement of Refugees

This raises the whole problem of the resettlement of refugees—about 900,000 in all. Besides those in Jordan there are 215,000 in the tiny desert Gaza strip controlled by Egypt; 104,000 in the Lebanon; and 88,000 in Syria. Even supposing a political settlement were reached with Israel and the refugees agreed in return for compensation to go elsewhere, the question is, where are they to go? It is too commonly assumed that it would be easy for the United States to take them. But is this really so? Jordan cannot keep those she has. Nor can the Lebanon, which is already over-populated. Egypt, which is even more over-populated herself, cannot take them, though she has generously undertaken to reclaim part of the Sinai desert in order to

60,000 of those from Gaza upon the land. Saudi Arabia is too poor in natural resources, even if rich in oil royalties, to be considered. There remain Syria and Iraq.

Syria could probably settle those she has, given proper financial assistance. But it seems extremely doubtful whether administratively or economically she could take any more. The western part of Syria is over-populated and there needs to be a shift of population to the east. Land is available—on the Euphrates, possibly 1,000,000 acres. But it needs to be irrigated and it needs to be surveyed because its exact extent is unknown. Because of this and because of the expense involved, the present five-year development plans of Syria envisage the irrigation of only 225,000 acres in the whole of the country by 1960. This land will be needed for Syria's own rapidly increasing population. The total estimated cost of these plans is £190,000,000, £100,000,000 of which are earmarked for the increased costs of the larger and more efficient administration which will be needed to carry them out. They are, too, only plans, because the money to finance them has not yet been found. From this it is clear that enormous sums of money, comparable to those that have been poured into Israel, would be needed if even such land as is available were to be irrigated; that the strain put on the administrative capacity of Syria would be too great to be borne; and even if the land could be irrigated it is not at all certain that the Syrians do not need it themselves.

On the basis of planning already in progress, the only Arab country which will have succeeded—by 1975—in bringing more land under cultivation than is required to maintain its own population (including natural increase) is Iraq.

Iraq has a generally expanding economy. Economically therefore, it could probably absorb a large number of refugees, in time, both on the land and in non-agricultural pursuits; but not administratively. Iraq's administrative capacity is even smaller than that of Syria, and it is difficult to see how she could handle such an increase in population—even by 1975.

When one remembers the difficulties encountered by the Israelis in settling between 300,000 and 400,000 backward Jews both on the land and elsewhere, in a country two-thirds of whose population is rich in the technical skill and organising capacity of the West, then the problem of settling nearly 1,000,000 Arab refugees can be seen in its real perspective. There is also the question of expense. Who is to supply the money, and who is to administer the schemes?

These are the questions, it seems to me, which we, and all other member states of the United Nations, should seriously be asking ourselves, since the responsibility for the whole situation is ultimately ours.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Budget and a Long-Term Taxation Policy

By R. C. Tress

BEFORE the war, Budgets were at bottom pretty simple affairs. The Chancellor of the Exchequer looked at the expenditure estimates for the coming year; he looked at what the existing taxes would bring in; and then, if they did not balance, he made changes, up or down, so that they did. We are all agreed that that is a thing of the past. Chancellors cannot just look at the balance between government income and government expenditure. They have got to look at the national income and what the nation is trying to spend, and try to bring those into balance.

But what does that mean for the April Budget? What we have been saying it meant was that it made the April Budget so much the more important. Here was the opportunity, we said, for a full-scale review of the national economy, when we could look at all the forecasts for the year ahead and plan accordingly. I think it is time to revise our opinions. Maybe with import controls and many physical controls that might be the case. But it certainly is not the case with the economy which Mr. Butler has shaped for us, an economy going at full pelt with only taxation and monetary policy to control it. Look at the facts. Taxes have been altered less than three times inside the last twelve months.

The point is that if the Government is going to run the economy at full tilt with brim-full employment, free imports and the rest, then it cannot have the dates for tax changes fixed for it by the parliamentary calendar. The Government has to be ready to make changes at any time, as and when the occasion demands.

'As and when the occasion demands', you say. Is there not short-time working in the car factories of the Midlands; are not men being laid off from producing radio sets in London and from furniture production in Bristol and elsewhere? I agree on the facts. What is more, I think that the Government is making things unnecessarily difficult for itself by trying to offset a boom in the demand for capital goods in this country (that is buildings, plant, and machinery) by attacking particularly what we economists call durable consumers' goods (cars, bedroom suites, television sets, and washing machines). All the same, that is its policy, and it

will have to stick to it. And it does not leave any room for tax changes, or any other changes, so soon as this April. What, then, ought Mr. Macmillan to do on April 10 or whenever Budget day is to be? I would like to see him take a different line. I would like his Budget to be the first stage in a wholesale review of our taxation system. It is badly needed. And we shall not get it if the only time our Chancellors look at the system is when they want to push taxes up or down.

Again, look at what has happened recently. More than once, Mr. Butler, when he was Chancellor, expressed sympathy with the proposal that children's allowances, up to a maximum, should be proportionate to parents' income. But did he do anything about it? The time was never opportune.

He was also in favour, he hinted, of a more even spreading of purchase tax. Yet what happened last October? He pushed the high purchase taxes even higher. At least, last April he brought in investment allowances on new capital installations in industry in place of the less suitable initial allowances. But in February there was an emergency, so Mr. Macmillan brought back the old system again.

So I would like Mr. Macmillan, on Budget day, to announce a three-year programme for himself: a three-year programme of tax reform. I would like him, this year, to look thoroughly at taxes on personal income—not just the children's allowances I mentioned earlier, but the suggestion (from quite a respectable source) that surtax on earned income should be replaced, partly or wholly, by taxation of capital gains.

And what is a fair balance of taxation between the household where both wife and husband go out to work and the household which has to depend on the husband's income alone, because his wife stays home to look after a young family? Next year, he could tackle the whole complex of company taxation. And for the third year, I would like him to review our system of indirect taxes—particularly the purchase tax: the social aspects of it, and the economic aspects, if he means to go on using it as a crisis weapon in the way he is doing at the moment.—'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company.

Religion on the Air

In a lecture on 'The Audiences for Religious Broadcasts', included in a pamphlet entitled *Religion on the Air** which has just been published by the B.B.C., Mr. R. J. E. Silvey quotes some lines of Studdert Kennedy:

When Jesus came to Birmingham
They merely passed him by.
They wouldn't hurt a hair of him,
They simply let him die.

This 'erosion' of religious belief has been a feature of recent years, and although it might be agreed that there has been some degree of Christian revival both during and since the war, attendances at church and chapel are no doubt relatively smaller than in earlier ages of faith. The B.B.C., which has never been a mere purveyor of popular entertainment, has always taken seriously its responsibilities as a medium of mass communication. Indeed, speaking as a parish priest, the Rev. George Reindorp (whose lecture is also included in this pamphlet) goes so far as to say that 'the Religious Broadcasting Department of the B.B.C. is that part of the Church which is attempting to spread the Gospel of Jesus Christ through the medium of radio and television in every home in the land'. After all proper allowances have been made for the shortcomings of statistical sampling, the figures produced by the Audience Research Department are impressive, since they appear to indicate that very considerable success has attended these efforts.

Quantity, as Mr. Silvey himself is the first to admit, is not everything. It is true that listening to services from an armchair is not the same thing as worshipping in church. Some families never turn off the wireless or forget to switch on the television set. 'Lift Up Your Hearts', a daily programme which has an estimated listening audience of 3,000,000, precedes the weather forecast and the eight o'clock news. Some find a nice hymn is cosy. But when all is said and done, the fact remains that the motives of many who listen to religious broadcasting cannot be simply laziness. Younger people, it seems, are genuinely anxious to discover what Christianity means. Older people, many of whom for one reason or another may not be able to get to church, find comfort and consolation in these broadcasts.

We live in a Christian nation. Our monarchs have long been defenders of the faith and the supreme governors of a Church, which, though often assailed and criticized, remains an established part of our state. In the state schools it is a requirement that religious instruction shall be given. Though it was said after the first world war that England had become a pagan country, religious feelings and interests still today lie deep. When an argument was recently put forward on the wireless for 'morals without religion' it was astonishing how fierce and wide was the reaction. And we are often reminded how some of our greatest poets and scientists today are Christians. Religious broadcasting imposes no compulsion on anyone. But it has afforded—and continues to afford—to believer and unbeliever alike the opportunity to participate in a faith that endures.

*Price 1s. 6d.

What They Are Saying

AT THE TIME of writing there has been no official confirmation from Moscow of the sensational denunciation of Stalin by Mr. Krushchev at a closed session of the recent party congress in Moscow, though Soviet censors released western correspondents' reports of the speech. The reports of riots in Tiflis, the capital of Stalin's native Georgia, received partial confirmation. A *Tass* transmission, on March 17, said that 15,000 were at work in Tiflis giving 'explanations' in factories, offices, and street meetings, and the Georgian Communist Party newspaper *Zaria Vostoka*, the only Soviet newspaper to commemorate the recent anniversary of Stalin's death, was quoted as calling for enforcement of law and order and demanding suppression of hooliganism.

In the satellite countries, which owe their present fate to Stalin's policy of subjugation, the only two Communist leaders so far to join in the anti-Stalin tirade have been Herr Ulbricht in east Germany and Mr. Rakosi in Hungary—both protégés of Stalin. On March 17 Herr Ulbricht told a party conference in Berlin that it was not historically true that Stalin was 'the military commander of genius' who alone led the country to victory over fascism. It was now known that Stalin did not make adequate preparations for the war that was obviously coming and, while the war was in progress, he often failed to heed the views expressed by military experts.

In Hungary, Rakosi was not as outspoken in his report to the party, broadcast on March 14:

We must admit that in connection with Stalin, whose great merits are well known, a personality cult developed which hampered collective leadership . . . thus producing several serious political and ideological errors. The spirit of this cult extended also to the People's Democracies, including ours, where it likewise gave rise to serious error. . . . We must all revise and rewrite our historical works of the party. . . . We must revise our school manuals and our school teaching.

In Poland, which at an opportune moment lost its 'leader of the Communist cause', Bierut—whose death in Moscow was announced on March 13—the anti-Stalin campaign was relegated to the party press. *Trybuna Luda* stated that although in many matters—such as 'the struggle against Trotskyite and Bukharinist views'—Stalin's view had been 'correct':

Gradually, however, in the 'thirties, Stalin began to impose his will on the party . . . The worship of the individual led to lack of control over the organs of authority, particularly over the security organs, which put themselves above both party and state. Herein resides the degeneration which we associate with Beria. The consequences were felt throughout the international revolutionary movement, including Poland.

As for Stalin's successors, the forthcoming visit to London of Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Bulganin was published in Moscow broadcasts. In a broadcast entitled 'British public opinion favours a rapprochement with the Soviet Union', the Soviet people were told that 'a revision of values is now taking place in Britain'. Another Moscow broadcast, quoting *New Times*, said that the U.S.S.R. 'attaches great importance to the establishment of lasting good relations with Britain'. While there were admittedly 'certain difficulties in the way of a rapprochement', British public opinion considers an Anglo-Soviet rapprochement desirable and expects their Government to take the appropriate steps'. Already in several recent international conferences, 'the Soviet Union and Britain found a common language'.

Meanwhile Moscow broadcasts continued to contain virulent attacks against 'Anglo-American imperialism' and 'colonialism', particularly in the Middle East. A Moscow broadcast in Greek about the deportation of Archbishop Makarios stated:

The British conducted negotiations with Makarios only as long as they thought that they could undermine the Cypriots struggle. The moment they realised that the Cypriots were determined to fight until final victory, they resorted to unconcealed terrorism against the Cypriots, who are struggling for that right of self-determination which is confined by the U.N. Charter.

Did You Hear That?

FISHING WITH CHEKHOV

When PAUL SHISHKOFF was a boy of ten his family lived near Anton Chekhov in Russia. He spoke about this in a Home Service talk.

'I am often asked: "How did he look?" My impression of him at our first meeting was of a relatively small man, with a pointed beard, kind, smiling eyes behind a *pince-nez* and a personality to which a small boy like myself would be instinctively drawn. The sympathy which I felt towards him must have been shared, as I remember having a long conversation with Chekhov at this first meeting in spite of the presence of grown ups.

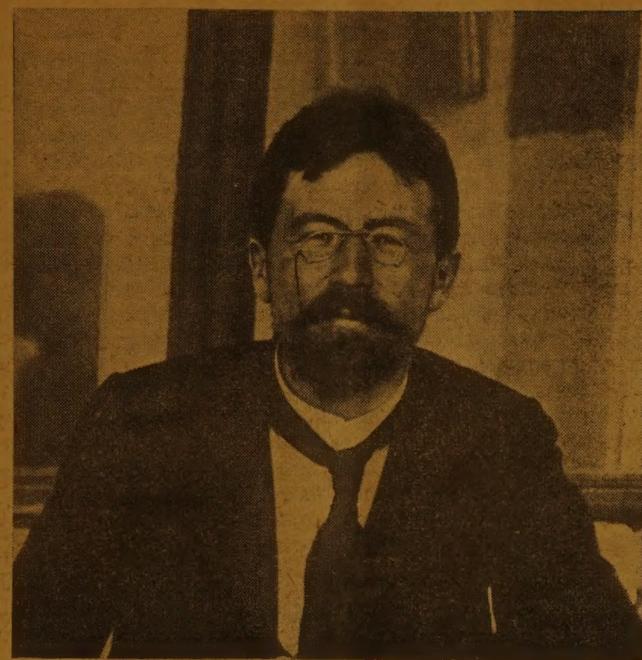
'The conversation was about fishing. Did I like fishing, I was asked. "Yes, I do!" I replied. "Very well, we shall fish together", he said to me, and then explained that at Vaskino, where we had a large lake, there were all sorts of fish: carp, pike, perch, roach; but in Melikhovo there was only an artificially dug-out pond, poorly stocked with fish. At that point my mother intervened and said that fishing was a cruel sport for a boy—putting live worms on a hook, catching fish by their mouths. But Chekhov protested. He said he did not think that worms and fish had the same sensitive nervous system as hot-blooded animals, and that fishing was good for developing patience and accurate observation of nature in a boy.

'Our fishing expeditions to the shore of the beautiful lake, with its huge weeping willows, steep banks and shaded corners, began soon, and were quite frequent and not always silent. I knew, without him telling me, when he wanted to be quiet. He did not mind sitting at the same spot for an hour watching his float, which did not move as there were no hungry fish about. I knew that he was far away in his thoughts. And then he would suddenly say "Pavlic"—that is my pet name—"tell me something about your life in Batoum". And I would tell him my child's impressions of the small garrison town and of our life out there: of the officers who used to visit us and almost lived in our house, of my father's activity as the busiest doctor in town. I told him also of a kind of duel I saw from my nursery window between two officers we knew very well. One of them fired three shots in the direction of our front door. I rushed into the drawing-room and saw the other officer staggering with blood streaming down his face.

'It was wonderful to see how Chekhov could make you talk just when he wanted. He would keep the conversation going by putting in a word here and there, and then let the conversation drop when he had had enough of it. It was interesting to watch his conversations with my mother. My mother was a small, dark woman, very vivacious, quick at repartee and a good conversationalist. Just the right person for Chekhov, who liked her company very much. Often they would lag behind the rest of the party, engrossed in a heated conversation. But the heat was always on my mother's side. His conversations were usually other people telling him. One could never know what he was thinking, he kept his personality away from the topic of conversation. But my mother always took the woman's point of view, discussing problems of a young woman living in a back-water, and Chekhov would interpose, and, slightly contradicting her, draw her out still more'.

COLONISING FLORA AND FAUNA

'You can be familiar with one island in the Pacific ocean', said EVELYN CHEESMAN in a Third Programme talk, 'you know the names of its butterflies and bees, and the flowering shrubs which provide them with nectar; you know the little



A. P. Chekhov, 'a relatively small man with a pointed beard, kind, smiling eyes behind a *pince-nez*'

black wasps burying spiders in the sand, and the big, yellow-patterned wasps which are such a nuisance; and the enormous spiders catching these wasps in sheets of web; lizards, little birds in the trees, and so on. You may visit an island not far away and find bees, birds, and butterflies busy over the same kind of work, but though they may belong to the same groups they are different, they belong to different species. You visit island number three at a far greater distance and there you may find close affinity with the first island and not with the second, which is nearer. How can we explain such colonisation?

'It used to be taken for granted that all islands remote from continents received their populations by adventitious means. That is to say, that strong winds may have brought some, that others floated across the sea, or were brought by birds, by human beings, by ships. Many species—but by no means all—are carried by such means. I have seen a fragile insect blown on board when the ship was over sixty miles from the nearest land. That insect survived, it flew ashore on the next island hundreds of miles away. I have seen a pair of centipedes floating on a log far out to sea. When the log turned over in the waves they crawled to the upper side again and did not seem to mind the immersion. Some fruits and seeds can survive salt water, some beetles or beetle grubs are in floating logs. Birds with muddy claws have been known to carry seeds and insect eggs.'

'Many insects migrate. One may see the sky full of migrating butterflies or locusts which fly right across oceans and deserts. But not all species migrate, there are many that stay at home.'

'All such species must be good travellers and good colonists. They can put up with tough conditions. But generally they establish themselves on coastal zones. If an island has any type of woodland this is in the centre, and in closed communities which do not offer much chance to immigrants. It is in the centre that you find the species that truly belong to the island and these are the most interesting.'

'So when we are considering the fauna and flora of a particular island we eliminate those which are good travellers and have a wide dispersal and then find that there are

still others which are not dispersed by any of those means that I have just described. Otherwise, why should we find on one island species which have their nearest relatives in Australia, and on another, not far away, the nearest relatives in another part of the world? That is the problem.

When more thorough collections were carried out for museums the former ideas on the origin of island species had to be revised. One of our early naturalists, A. R. Wallace, who in 1877 collected for eight years in the East Indies, established a zoogeographical division between the East Indies and the Australian shelf, based on the differences in the flora and fauna. It is still known as Wallace's Line today. In the New Hebrides is a similar demarcation line, though on a much smaller scale, between the northern islands and the three southern islands; not a sharp division of course, but it exists. The three southern islands, including Aneityum (where I lived last year) have affinities with Australia, and the rest have stronger affinities with New Guinea. Why should the flora and fauna of the last of the northern group differ from those of the first of the southern group, only sixty miles away?

The theory of continental drift can be put forward. This postulates land masses having drifted apart and then been broken up into islands. This is based on the contours of shores and the fissures in the ocean bed. It is considered possible but it still lacks conclusive evidence.

A theory which I find more convincing is that of land subsidence on the one hand and land elevation which bridged seas on the other. We are assured by palaeogeologists that this took place in that part of the Pacific Ocean during the middle of the Miocene Period to the middle of the Pliocene Period. That at a rough estimate would probably have taken approximately 12,000,000 years, ending about 8,000,000 years ago. By following up carefully the directions in which species have spread we should get good evidence of land having formerly existed which now is under the sea.

I have brought back with me from the island of Aneityum collections of plants, insects, lizards, slugs, and many other groups, and these will give us more information about island life. They will help us to decide whether those three southern islands of the New Hebrides ever formed one land, and whether they were joined to the ancient island, New Caledonia, 200 miles away.

TWO LEGENDS OF WENSLEYDALE

'Semer Water, covering 100 acres at its lowest ebb, is Yorkshire's largest lake,' said R. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH in 'The Northcountryman'. 'The pool is filled by crystal-clear water from three mountain valleys: Bardale, Raydale, and Cragdale. And the people in the lone cottage perched on the hillside above the lake will readily tell you the legend.

They will recount how once, year's ago, an old tattered beggar visited the village that stood where the lake is now. The poor man went from door to door asking for food, but was rudely refused charity at each in turn. At last he came to this lonely cottage—some distance from the other houses. A very old and poor couple lived there, but they invited the man in, shared their frugal meal with him, and made him a rough bed for the night. Next day, the story goes, the stranger appeared to them in his true form—as an angel. And standing outside their cottage he looked down on the unfriendly village and cursed its occupants:

Semerwater rise! Semerwater sink!
And swallow the town, all save this house,
Where they gave me meat and drink.

So it was. The snug village was swallowed up by the rising Semerwater. And this tale of the lake's origin is still told today, the single cottage standing to substantiate the legend. Sceptics can find comfort from the fact that local people, and Yorkshiremen from every corner of the country, were disappointed when the waters were lowered a few years ago. Dalesfolk and visitors lined the shore. All of them half-seriously hoping that a chimney or a church spire would appear as the waters sank. Of course, they were disappointed. But you can still meet old farmers and shepherds who will swear that they have caught a glimpse of

a house in the depths of the lake on a clear day, or a moonlight night.

‘Semer Water is a spacious sheet of water. It is more friendly, somehow than the Vale of York's Lake Goremire. Goremire is only twenty-five miles away, at the foot of tortuous Sutton Bank. And it, too, is said to have engulfed a village. Another legend makes Goremire bottomless: a gateway to Hell. Mr. Robert Turton, M.P. for Thirsk and Malton, who lives at Upsall Castle three miles from the lake, explodes that theory, and very logically, too. “Legend has it”, says Mr. Turton, “that the Devil stood on Sutton Bank and gazed until he was overcome with the beauty of the scene; he lost his balance—which devils always find it hard to keep—and crashed down into Lake Goremire. So this lake, because it became the entrance to Hell, is said to be bottomless. But if you try to bathe in it you find that hell-fires do not produce hot water”.

The other, and more probable, legend is that an earthquake brought a section of the cliff down. This has been elaborated during the years so that some locals claim that a village was swallowed by the 'quake leaving a cavity, which filled with water, becoming the lake'.

TAKING MICE SERIOUSLY

'Devotees of the mouse', said JOHN WATMOUGH in 'The North-countryman', 'are chiefly men. The governing body of the fancy is the National Mouse Club. The secretary, Mr. Arthur Day, who lives at Ingrow, near Keighley, told me that the popularity of the mouse is as high in Yorkshire and Lancashire as it is anywhere. School children are among the club's 300 members—and a number of colliers, too. In sheds, in basements, or attics the mice lie warm and snug in their wire-fronted boxes. And if you were to look inside, there, in a nest of hay, might be a mouse of almost any colour. There are blacks, reds, blues, and chocolates; silvers, whites, and champagnes; cinnamons, agouties, and sables; tans, chinchillas, and pearls, and even mice which are marked like Dutch rabbits—all white in front and black behind.

Not until I talked to Mr. Day did I realise how much mice have distinguished themselves in the past. Their existence was recorded in Asia as long ago as 4000 B.C. They were first considered seriously in Britain when eighteen of them were exhibited at a show for the first time, at Oxford in 1892. Since then they have drawn enthusiasts from every walk of life. And if we wonder sometimes why men should spend so many hours just messing about with mice, we should remember that the noble Greeks deemed the mouse worthy of a temple. They built it on the Island of Tenedos in the name of Apollo Smintheus. For it was he whom they called the God of Mice'.



Goremire Lake, Yorkshire, gateway to hell.

G. E. Bilton

Clausewitz and His Misinterpreters

By Michael Howard

THE name of Clausewitz is not a popular one in England. In this hitherto fortunate country to think seriously about war at all is considered rather sinister, when it is not dismissed as absurd; and Clausewitz has been described always as a high-priest of militarism, as the prophet of Prussian aggression, as the founder of the idea of total war. He has, in fact, suffered all the unpopularity of Machiavelli 300 years before him, and for very much the same reasons. Machiavelli saw that authority within the state rested on power, and, like the equally unpopular Thomas Hobbes in his country a century later, he talked about this power in terms of unheard-of frankness.

Analysis of Violence

Clausewitz equally clearly saw that relations between states were determined by power and by the threat of violence—a conclusion which it was not easy for a man who had lived through the Napoleonic era to avoid—and it was the nature of this violence that he set himself to analyse and expound. About it he reflected and made notes for fifteen years; then, before he could write the book he had been shaping, he was carried away by the cholera epidemic of 1831; leaving an accumulation of manuscripts and a pessimistic note admitting that what he had written 'may certainly be described as merely a hotchpotch of ideas, which, being exposed to ceaseless misunderstandings, will give rise to a multitude of hasty criticisms'.

Certainly the work which his wife assembled from his notes and published shortly after his death under the title *On War* has been hastily criticised: but even more has superficial reading led to equally hasty admiration and adoption of a 'Clausewitzian' doctrine which Clausewitz not only never preached, but which he specifically and repeatedly denied. German, French, and English commentators were to hail him as the apostle of force, as the prophet of mass warfare, as the advocate of extreme and total violence. His name was linked with Darwin's as the preacher of the survival of the fittest. By the end of the century there was a widespread feeling throughout Europe that war was not only inevitable but that it would be fought with an unprecedented violence subject to no ethical restraints; and that such a struggle was indeed desirable in the interests of the development of the race. This militarist school took a carefully expurgated text of Clausewitz as its bible; and the falsity of its claim to him has never in this country been as fully exposed as it deserves.

How did this situation arise? There seem to me to be two main reasons; one stemming from Clausewitz' historical context, and the other from the manner in which he expounded his ideas. First let us look at Clausewitz in his contemporary setting. In 1807, as a young officer in the Russian army, he saw his country—a country which Frederick the Great had established as the greatest military nation in Europe and which he still thought it to be—overwhelmed and nearly destroyed by the French in the campaign of Jena: an experience which scared the Prussian conscience so deeply that not even in 1870 was it to be completely effaced. During the years of humiliation and reconstruction which followed, Clausewitz laboured with the great Scharnhorst at the civil and military reforms which made it possible for Prussia to take her place again among the great Powers of Europe; and in 1813-14 he accompanied the triumph of the armies which he had done so much to recreate. But his whole attitude and his whole teaching was coloured by Jena. There he had seen an army trained and



Karl von Clausewitz (1780-1831)

fighting according to the ideas of the eighteenth century, ideas of manoeuvre against lines of communication, of rapid and precise movement on the battlefield, of victory with the minimum of bloodshed, outmarched, smashed, and swept before it by the huge, ruthless, and clumsy forces unchained by the French Revolution and directed with rapid and brilliant precision by Napoleon Bonaparte. His obsession with this catastrophe is constantly revealed in his work. 'Woe to the Cabinet', he wrote, 'which, with a shilly-shally policy and a routine-ridden military system, meets with an adversary who, like the rude element, knows no other law than his own intrinsic force'; and elsewhere: 'Let us not hear of generals who conquer without bloodshed. If a bloody slaughter is a horrible sight, then that is a ground for taking war more seriously, but not for making the sword we wear blunter and blunter by degrees from feelings of humanity, until someone steps in with one that is sharp and lops off the arm from the body'.

Prussia was defeated in 1807, as France was to be in 1870, because its governor pursued a policy alternately of bluster and surrender, because its army was tied to an outmoded military teaching, and because its educated classes were lulled asleep by Kantian dreams of universal peace. It needed the shock of 1807 to rouse Prussia to the heights of national ardour of the Wars of Liberation—as it needed the shock of 1940 to rouse a similarly somnolent Britain; and it was this experience, rather than any inherent propensity to sabre-rattling, that led Clausewitz to write, in words which were to be echoed by innumerable soldiers as the nineteenth century moved prosperously and smugly forward, that only by war 'can that effeminacy of feeling be counteracted, that propensity to seek for the enjoyment of comfort, which cause degeneracy in a people rising in prosperity and immersed in an extremely busy commerce'.

Clausewitz and his contemporaries, then, learned from the bitterest possible experience that war was something more violent and more terrible than the eighteenth century had ever known, and that ability to survive in this element was the only criterion of national independence. He therefore devoted the rest of his life to a study of war which should not be, as had all preceding works of military thought, simply

an analysis of the military art, inevitably ephemeral and relevant only to the conditions of his own age, but a profound and comprehensive account of the nature of war itself, which would remain valid so long as men were foolish enough to fight.

War in its Absolute Form

He therefore approached his subject not so much as an expert technician expounding his craft as an analytic philosopher, and one soaked in the writings of the German idealist school. What he sought to discern was the real essence of war, its perfect form; the Platonic Idea of which real wars were imperfect reflections, an idea, as it has been said, 'like that of perfect beauty in art which may never be attained but constantly approximated'. His analysis was dispassionate; there is no suggestion that he regarded war in its Absolute Form as either desirable or undesirable; but it led him to the conclusion that the idea of war in itself must logically involve the utmost violence, without possibility of restraint. For 'he who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the bloodshed involved, must obtain a superiority if his adversary uses less vigour in its application'. It was an alarming prospect, but Clausewitz was dealing, as he was at pains to point out, not with war as it existed or as he would like to see it, but with an abstract concept; and, as he apologetically put it, 'In the abstract world of pure conceptions the reflective mind nowhere finds rest until it has reached the extreme'.

For war, he made clear, never in practice is absolute, for it never has a self-sufficient existence. It always must be fought subject to certain restraints, because 'under all circumstances war is to be regarded not as an independent thing but as a political instrument'. And here lies the real significance of his famous, much quoted, and little-understood statement, that 'war is the continuation of state policy by other means'. This has been interpreted, all too often, simply as an advocacy of war as a normal method of furthering the interests of the state and cited as an example of ruthless German *Machtpolitik*. Looked at in its context, it is nothing of the sort. It is a simple demand that war, which left to itself automatically goes to the most violent extremes, should always be subordinated to the demands of state policy as a whole. Having stressed the inherent violence of war, he went on to emphasise the need to keep it under control; much as a scientist, having described the violence of a poison or an explosive, prescribes the most rigorous restrictions on its use. War must be the instrument of state policy, not the other way round: policy civilises and tames it: 'changes the tremendous battle-sword', as he put it, 'which should be lifted with both hands and the whole power of the body, into a light, handy weapon, which is even sometimes no more than a rapier to exchange thrusts and feints and parries'.

Distorted Doctrine

But it was not on this aspect of his work that his self-styled followers fastened. They were perhaps less skilled in the methods of idealist philosophy: the broad humanism of the age of Goethe did not, on the whole, communicate itself to the professional soldiers of the later nineteenth century. Instead they took up his conception of absolute war, and stripped it of all the qualifications with which he had so carefully clothed it. In the same way, and with equally disastrous results, they distorted his doctrine of battle. The destruction of the enemy forces in battle, wrote Clausewitz, was the fountain stone of all action in war; and battle was 'the bloody and destructive measuring of the strength of forces, physical and moral; whoever at the close has the greatest amount left is the conqueror'. For battles of this type an army must always be prepared. Yet they need not necessarily occur: they were, as he said in a brilliant phrase, 'what cash payment is in bill transactions'. In other words, the species of mutual slaughter need not change hands; but unless it is known to be there, unless it is known that an army is able and willing to fight hard, no credit can be given to its paper currency of manoeuvre.

Once again Clausewitz's disciples missed the whole point

of his argument and mistook the analysis of a concept for the recommendation of a course of action. By the end of the century such German writers as Bernhardi and von der Goltz, such Frenchmen as Foch and Grandmaison, were teaching, and quoting Clausewitz for their authority, that war was inevitable; that it must inevitably be pushed to its extreme point, and that equally inevitably it must involve gigantic slaughter in mass battles. 'You must henceforth go to the very limit to find the aim of war', wrote Foch. 'Since the vanquished party now never yields before it has been deprived of all means of reply, what you have to aim at is the destruction of those very means of reply'. In the first world war, generals on both sides, faced with gigantic and apparently endless slaughter, comforted themselves with the knowledge that Clausewitz had foreseen precisely this, and bidden them steel their minds to it. Modern weapons and modern communications had turned the unattainable Clausewitz conception of absolute war into a reality more terrible than any he could have imagined.

Clausewitz's False Heirs

Yet the generation of soldiers in Germany who were most conscious of being Clausewitz's heirs was that which most shamefully betrayed his central teaching. The great Helmuth von Moltke had asserted that no man had done more to influence him than Clausewitz; but in his quarrel with Bismarck over the conduct of the war of 1870 it was Bismarck who upheld the supremacy of the demands of state policy, and Moltke who strove for that predominance of the military interest which Clausewitz, in explicit terms had condemned. A generation later there was no Bismarck to restrain the military leaders. In 1914 Germany's entire policy was subordinate to the rigid requirements of the famous Schlieffen plan; and thereafter short-term military requirements without consideration for neutrals or for any ultimate peace dictated every German step. Intelligent state policy, to leave common humanity out of it, would have forbidden an invasion of Belgium which was found to bring in England; or the introduction of poison-gas, in the use of which the Allies, thanks to the prevailing wind, had a decisive advantage; or the unrestricted U-boat warfare which forced the U.S.A. to take up arms. And even if these measures had attained their objective of military victory, how could they fail to injure the long-term interests of Germany? Once more we turn back to Clausewitz for a sane appraisal: that 'the conduct of war, in its great features, is policy itself, which takes up the sword instead of the pen, but does not on that account cease to think according to its own laws'. General von Kleist has passed judgment on the mistakes of his countrymen in two world wars with the words: 'The mistake of the Germans has been to think that political problems could be solved by military success'.

'The doctrine of Absolute War', Captain Liddell Hart has written, 'accepted without understanding, largely influenced the causation and character of the first world war. Thereby it led on, all too logically, to the second world war, which, as can now be seen, was the natural sequel to the economic and psychological conditions produced by the first'. The decision of the German military leaders to wage total war left their adversaries no alternative except to do the same; but we find the argument between state policy and military necessity being fought out between Lloyd George and Lord Haig with all the bitterness shown half a century earlier by Bismarck and von Moltke, and such arguments were not totally unknown between 1939 and 1945. In the second world war, however, for much of the time, we were fighting for sheer survival; but in the closing years, can it be said that state policy and a clear vision of the peace at which we aimed sufficiently dominated the military means we employed? It is a complex and controversial question. In any case, after nearly half a century of total war, it is salutary to re-read Clausewitz and to learn again that though victory may be the proper object of a battle, the proper object of a war can only be a better peace.

—Third Programme

Heine, Prophet of Nazism

The first of two talks by ELSIE BUTLER on the centenary of his death

EVERY prophet worthy of the name has the makings of a savage satirist. The Hebrew prophets scourged their people for turning from righteousness to wickedness and forsaking God. Heine did likewise, in the name not of Jehovah but of liberty. Pity and anger struggled for supremacy as he contemplated the sufferings of the humble and the tyranny of the great. He became, as he put it, the slave of an idea, which had seized upon him and whipped him into the arena and forced him to fight for it like the gladiators of old. Let me quote him:

Such men are not merely the carriers of an idea, they are carried by it, forced on to horseback without saddle or stirrups and strapped stark naked to this ruthless steed like Mazeppa to his wild horse . . . They are dragged along willy-nilly through all the dreadful consequences.

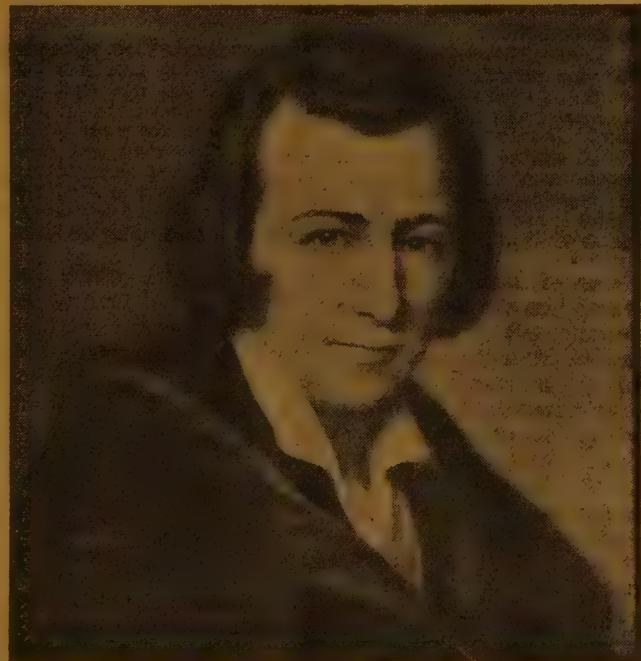
In Heine's wild ride through the jungle of contemporary politics, he was carried along by the simple unattainable ideal of freedom for all mankind. But he observed the jungle and its inmates with a penetrating eye; he reflected on the past and brooded on the future. He was a poet and a visionary and he foresaw many things that were to come.

When he was young and sanguine, this child of a revolutionary era exulted in the collapse of principalities and powers, foretold the advent of ideological warfare cutting straight across national frontiers, and rejoiced at the prospect of a glorious dawn when all men would be equal and free. Unhappily, when prophets prophesy smooth things they prophesy deceit, soothsayers deceiving others or dreamers deceiving themselves. Heine did not belong to the first category and was only at the beginning found in the second. The turning point came in early manhood. He was intoxicated by the doctrines of the Saint-Simonian religion, proclaiming a new era of peace and prosperity and joy for all mankind, and he prophesied the coming, or rather the return, of pantheism to Germany owing to the philosophical revolution inaugurated by Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, and that this revolution would bring about the spiritual, social, and political emancipation of mankind.

But as he approached the triumphant conclusion to the history of religion and philosophy in Germany, his mind misgave him. Instead of the millennium he found himself facing Armageddon; and he uttered a terroristic prophecy evoking the inevitable result of the downfall of Christianity. It had been the only check, he told his readers, that there had ever been on the brutal Germanic lust for battle. Let the talisman of the Cross lose its virtue (and it was crumbling) and the terrible Berserker fury so well known to the Nordic poets would break out again. The old heathen gods of the Nordic pantheon would arise from the débris of the past and wreak havoc. The Gothic cathedrals would be smashed into atoms and there would be a revolution in Germany compared with which the French Revolution would be mere child's play. And it was coming. The lightning of German philosophy was preceding the crash of German thunder, a crash that would be like nothing ever yet heard in the history of the world; and the peoples of the world would then group themselves as if on the steps of an amphitheatre to watch with horror the fearful scenes enacted in that country.

There could hardly have been a more accurate forecast of the nazi revolution in Germany; and Heine combined it with the threat of war, advising the French to remember that the goddess of wisdom never disarmed. The French remembered that warning in 1870. The whole world remembered the prophecy when Hitler rose to power, and it has been quoted innumerable times since then. But it is peculiarly impressive in its context. For this vision of devastation wrought by an un-Christian Germany arose before Heine's eyes at the very moment when he was fervently preaching the abolition of Christianity. Yet it was a forecast, a prognosis, and not a

conversion. Heine did not thereupon adopt Christianity nor did he recommend its retention. He simply wrote down what he saw. The young revolutionaries of a later date were amazed. It was the most terribly beautiful thing he had ever written, one of them wrote to Lassalle. And how did it come about that a little fair-haired love-poet should have sounded the Last Trump before he had even heard of Ferdinand Lassalle? Poets were remarkable creatures.



Heinrich Heine. a portrait

Heine was remarkable among poets in taking the plight of the world, past, present, and future, in a passionately personal way; and it shows the breadth of his sympathies that it was the future of mankind as a whole which obsessed him increasingly as the years went by. Nevertheless, being a Jew, he was penetrated by a peculiarly intimate sorrow for the 'great Jew grief', even though during the greater part of his life he was out of sympathy with Judaism. 'It's not a religion', he said, 'it's a misfortune'. Yet he began a novel in his youth, *The Rabbi of Bacherach*, in order to depict the persecutions which the Jews had undergone during the sixteenth century; and the unfinished epic poem on the great Jewish poet Jehuda ben Halevy, written towards the end of his life, laments the destruction of Jerusalem in accents which seem to come from the Wailing Wall itself. His wrath with the general attitude towards the atrocities committed against the Jews of Damascus in 1840 was terrible; yet his prophetic instinct told him that far worse things were in store for them than any encountered yet:

What martyrdoms they have endured . . . What much greater martyrdoms lie in their future. The very thought makes me shudder and infinite compassion moves my heart.

He believed that this was inevitable for the same reason which was destined to produce a cataclysm in Germany: the loss of the prevalent philosophy of life rooted in godlessness. For Jews and Christians, he maintained, did not differ fundamentally in their notions of divinity. Let that common basis be swept away, and a storm of persecution would sweep over the heads of the unhappy Jews which would greatly exceed everything they had suffered until then. This prophecy has also been fulfilled. Yet Heine when he wrote it had no bias in favour either of Judaism or of Christianity.

Heine's forecasts of the future were never due to religious inspiration; they were based on observation of the social and political trends of his day and of the movement of men's minds. He watched with fear and distrust the power wielded ever more despotically by the heads of the great houses of credit, for he saw where it was tending. He realised that the railways were only the beginning of the annihilation of time and space; he saw with horror the coming dissolution of the prevalent social morality depicted by the *can-can*.

Closely associated with this fear of the collapse of the bulwarks of society went his dread of communism, to which he gave voice again and again in the 'forties in his political articles for the *Augsburg Gazette*, collected later under the title *Lutezia*. There is also a posthumous poem called 'Migrating Rats', written under the same emotional recoil. For what would be the result of this European revolution, this world-revolution, the great duel between the haves and the have-nots?

There will be no talk then of nations or creeds; there will only be one fatherland, the earth, and one belief, happiness on earth. . . . Perhaps there will be only one free shepherd and one flock: a free shepherd with an iron crook and a human flock all equally shorn and all bleating with the same voice. Wild, sombre times are on the way. . . . The gods veil their countenance in compassion for human beings, and perhaps also in apprehension of their own fate. The future reeks of Muscovy: hides and of blood, of godlessness and flagellations. I advise our grandchildren to come into the world with thick skins on their backs.

One of Heine's outstanding characteristics, which has earned him the reputation of inconsistency and even of insincerity, was his faculty for seeing both sides of a question, and his dread of communism was balanced by his compassion for the under-dog and his sense of fair play. His final pronouncement on the subject, made in 1855, put the case for and against communism in a most striking manner. It would shatter and sweep away everything his heart held most dear and he foresaw its advent with anguish. It would make *tabula rasa* of the whole romantic world. There would be potato patches instead of laurel-groves; the lilies would be uprooted unless they consented to spin; roses and nightingales would be banished as not being gainfully employed, and the grocer of the future would use the pages of Heine's *Book of Songs* as paper bags for coffee and snuff for the old women of the future.

It was a dismal outlook; but two voices were raised in its favour in Heine's breast, though the voices, he warned, were possibly diabolic. The first was the voice of logic. Accept the premise that all men have the right to eat, and you must accept the consequences. Innocence had perished in the old world, egoism had triumphed, and man had been exploited

by man. So let the old world perish and Heine's *Book of Songs* with it. *Fiat justitia, pereat mundus!* The second voice, stronger and more obviously diabolic, was hatred. Hatred of German nationalism, of Teutomania; of those false patriots who loathed all other countries, especially their near neighbours and in particular the French. Communism was international; it preached the doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. It was therefore the most dangerous enemy of the narrow, bombastic, and aggressive nationalism which Heine hated so much that he found himself almost loving communism which aimed at destroying it. Idealistic Germans under Hitler were faced with precisely this dilemma. Can we wonder that many of them chose communism; and can we wonder, either, that Heine's writings were on the index of the Nazis?

Heinrich Heine covered a good deal of the ground which we of the twentieth century occupy a hundred years after his death. Moreover, some of his prophecies have been literally fulfilled; and one can only trust that his vision of the one free shepherd with the iron crook will never actually materialise. Luckily he was not infallible, as his early predictions of an imminent golden age show. And, although he claimed second sight, there are only two instances of this in his writings. The first was the prophecy of the composer Bellini's early death, which the poet made from pure wickedness in order to tease the young musician who was extremely superstitious; and no one was more surprised and disconcerted than Heine when it came true. But the second instance is more impressive. Somehow Heine foresaw the disaster which his cousin's wife, Cécile Furtado was destined to produce in his life; and he symbolised this in his epic poem *Atta Troll* by depicting her as Herodias making sport with the Baptist's head.

Heine was to have cause to rue the day when he angered the wife of his cousin Carl Heine; for her vindictiveness played a crucial part, if not in his disinheritance by his uncle Solomon, then certainly in the ensuing battle royal with Carl which ended with the destruction of the poet's *Memoirs*. This was the only work by which Heine wished to be judged by posterity, and posterity is without the means to judge. It was the record of the times he had lived through, and they were mirrored in a prophetic mind. He had depicted in this *magnum opus* the world he knew with the conflicts and crises which have given birth to life and the world as we know it today, the swaddling-clothes of the coming generations, as Heine phrased it. That book, in part committed to the flames by his own hands to placate his millionaire relatives, has been committed to oblivion since, and who knows for what unworthy reasons?—*Third Programme*.

Murder Without Design

By A. R. N. Cross

'MURDER without design' sounds like the title of a thriller, but it is unnecessary to go to fiction for examples because English law abounds in them. A man unintentionally stifles the woman he is raping—is this murder? A robber points a gun at a cashier with orders to empty the till, and the cashier dies of fright—is that murder? In both cases the answer is yes. And what if someone kills a child in a fit of rage without intending to do it any serious harm? This was held to be murder by the Court of Criminal Appeal as recently as January 11, in the *Queen against Ward*. I shall be especially concerned with that case, but in order to place it in the proper perspective, I must begin with a general account of the law of homicide.

Murder is the unlawful killing of a human being with malice aforethought. The requirement that the killing should be unlawful need not detain us, for it simply means that there must be no legally recognised excuse such as self-

defence; but 'malice aforethought' is a technical term which requires a good deal of explanation. The phrase came to the fore in the Tudor period when statutes were enacted to ensure that wilful murder with malice aforethought should be punished capitally, while those found guilty of manslaughter could, as a general rule, only be imprisoned. The meaning of malice aforethought thus became, and has since remained, a question of life or death. In its popular sense it implies preconceived ill-will, and a predetermined killing has always been the typical instance of wilful murder; but the legal meaning of malice aforethought came to be extended so far beyond the original idea of predetermination that Sir James Stephen, the greatest criminal lawyer of the nineteenth century, could speak of it as a phrase which had been 'unluckily introduced into an act of parliament, and half explained away by the judges'.

The first extension occurred when it was held that a

intention to kill which was acted upon as soon as it was formed constituted malice aforethought. Someone who meets a stranger and intentionally shoots him dead is just as guilty of murder as he would have been if he had planned the assassination throughout the previous year. The only respect in which the law differentiates between an intentional killing which was premeditated and one which was unpremeditated is in connection with the doctrine of provocation. If certain strict conditions are fulfilled, the accused may be convicted of manslaughter instead of murder, notwithstanding the fact that he meant to kill his victim, provided his intention to do so was acted upon in the heat of passion engendered by gross provocation. There must have been no 'cooling time', or, to use the more dignified language of the judges, 'there must have been no time for the blood to cool, and for reason to resume its seat, before the mortal wound was given'.

Generally speaking, the provocation must take the form of a fairly serious assault, but the detection of a spouse in the act of adultery would be sufficient to reduce the killing of either party to the adultery from murder to manslaughter, provided the accused acted in the heat of passion. A confession of adultery will not suffice; ocular observation is essential. It is uncertain whether words alone can ever be enough, and many people think that an act of parliament should be passed to clarify and amend the law by making it plain that words (including a confession of adultery) may amount to provocation.

Loss of Self-control

A further requirement concerning the nature of the provocation is that it must be such as would lead to loss of self-control on the part of a normal individual. The personal idiosyncrasies of the accused are ignored. A minor physical assault will not entitle the most excitable and pugnacious person to a verdict of manslaughter, however much he may have been provoked by the attack. This was finally settled as recently as 1954 in *Beddar* and *The Director of Public Prosecutions*, when the House of Lords decided that a youth who was morbidly self-conscious about his sexual impotence, and who killed a prostitute immediately after she had taunted him on the subject, must be convicted of murder because he could not successfully plead provocation, as a normal man would not have lost control of himself in the circumstances.

To continue with the extensions of the meanings of malice aforethought: the term covers cases where the accused did not intend to kill anyone, but realised that it was extremely probable that an act of his would cause someone's death, and nevertheless did that act without lawful excuse. To take an example given to a jury by Sir James Stephen, 'If a person chose, for some wicked purpose of his own, to sink a boat at sea, and thereby caused the death of the occupants, it matters nothing whether at the time of committing the act he hoped that the people would be picked up by a passing vessel. He is as much guilty of murder, if the people are drowned, as if he had flung every person into the water with his own hands'. Stephen might have stressed the necessity of proving that the accused knew it was virtually certain that the occupants of the boat would be drowned before there could be a conviction for murder. Even if such knowledge is assumed, the hope that the deceased would be saved makes this imaginary case different from an intentional killing, but the distinction may not be of sufficient moral significance to be recognised by the law. Perhaps the point at which a legal distinction ought to be drawn is reached when someone causes death without realising that there was any likelihood of his doing so, although it is clear that, had he but paused to think, he would, as a reasonable man, have known that human life would be seriously endangered by his conduct.

This brings me to yet another extension of the meaning of malice aforethought. An example from the seventeenth century is that of a park keeper who lost his temper with a boy who had been trespassing in the park. The boy had a rope round his waist, and the keeper used it to tie him to his horse. He then struck the boy two blows, and thus unintentionally caused the horse to gallop away, dragging the

boy along the ground with fatal consequences. The accused did not realise what the result of his conduct would be, and most people would say that he was less blameworthy than a man who sinks a boat in order to obtain insurance money, hoping that the crew will be saved but knowing that they will almost certainly be drowned. It is generally thought to be morally worse to expose human life to grave risk deliberately than to do so without reflection, although the risk might have been appreciated with a minimum of thought or self-control. The type of malice aforethought which I am now discussing is sometimes described as an intention to do an act calculated in the judgment or ordinary people to cause death, or an intention to do an act intrinsically likely to kill. Some lawyers think it is no longer recognised by our law, and this is why the case of *The Queen against Ward* is of considerable interest.

Ward was charged with the murder of an eighteen-month-old girl, the daughter of the woman with whom he was living, and his evidence was that he killed the child in a fit of temper because she did not stop screaming when he was unsuccessfully endeavouring to mend a bed. He admitted that he picked her up, shook her with his full force, and put her down when she might well have been dead; but he said that he had no intention of killing or hurting her in any way, and he had no thought in his mind beyond that of making her be quiet. Ward was said to be of subnormal intelligence, and there was evidence that he was suffering from stomach ulcers. No one else was present when the child met her death; her body was secretly buried and only discovered two years later. So the jury had little direct evidence concerning the act which killed the child apart from the statement of the accused. He was convicted of murder after a summing up which contained the following direction on the law: 'If, when he did the act which he did do, he must, as a reasonable man, have contemplated that death or grievous bodily harm was likely to result to the child . . . then he is guilty of murder'.

The reference to that which a reasonable man would have contemplated is important because Ward appealed on the ground that the jury had been directed to apply an objective test in considering his liability. They might have thought that, even if a combination of rage, subnormal intelligence, and stomach ulcers prevented him from realising that his attack upon the child would probably cause her death, he was nonetheless guilty of murder if a reasonable man who was not labouring under these disadvantages would have anticipated it. The Court of Criminal Appeal decided that, even if the jury did take this view of the facts, Ward was guilty of murder. Accordingly the conviction was confirmed, but Ward was subsequently reprieved. The following quotation states the ground of the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal:

The test must be applied to all alike, and the only measure that can be brought to bear in these matters is what a reasonable man would or would not contemplate. If the act is one as to which the jury can find that a reasonable man would say 'it would never occur to me that death would result, or that grievous bodily harm would result', then the jury can find him guilty of manslaughter, but if the jury come to the conclusion that any reasonable person, that is to say, a person who cannot set up the plea of insanity, must have known that what he was doing would cause at least grievous bodily harm, then a verdict of murder is justified for that amounts to murder in law.

Two Views of an Instruction to Jury

The summing-up which bade the jury to have regard to that which a reasonable man would have contemplated when acting as Ward did, was said by the Court of Criminal Appeal to have been the direction given in scores of similar cases. Accordingly it may well be asked why some lawyers doubt whether it is murder to kill someone by intentionally doing an act which ordinary people would realise was likely to cause death, although the accused did not contemplate the possibility of fatal consequences. I think the answer is that an instruction to consider what the accused ought to have contemplated may mean one of two things. It may mean that the fact to be proved is the state of mind of the particular accused with regard to the probable consequences of his act—

NEWS DIARY

March 13-20

TUESDAY, MARCH 13

Greece asks United Nations General Assembly to consider question of Cyprus at its next session.

Western Germany decides to discontinue making cash contributions towards maintenance of allied troops.

A new index of retail prices is to be introduced by the Government.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14

Commons debate Cyprus.

British police sergeant shot dead by terrorists in Nicosia.

King Hussein of Jordan and King Feisal of Iraq meet at frontier.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15

The Archbishop of Canterbury proposes in the Lords a three-point plan for settlement of Cyprus dispute.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, returns from tour of Middle East.

Mr. Malenkov, Soviet Minister of Power Stations, and Russian delegation of electrical engineers arrive for three-weeks' visit to Britain.

FRIDAY, MARCH 16

Prime Minister says in a speech in London that Britain cannot abdicate her special position as a Great Power.

Mr. Dulles sees General Chiang Kai-shek in Formosa.

A token strike is held in Greece to demonstrate against deportation of Archbishop Makarios from Cyprus.

SATURDAY, MARCH 17

French Government announces that it is sending reinforcements to Algeria.

Over 100 persons are killed in an earthquake in Lebanon.

Death of Mme. Joliot-Curie, the French scientist.

SUNDAY, MARCH 18

Reports reach London of recent riots in Georgia by crowds angered at attacks on Stalin's memory. In a speech in Berlin Herr Ulbricht refers to Stalin as a despot.

MONDAY, MARCH 19

United Nations disarmament sub-committee resumes meetings in London. Sir John Harding fines a village in Cyprus £7000 where British soldiers were injured.

Mr. Malenkov visits Harwell atomic research station.

TUESDAY, MARCH 20

Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce publishes its report.

B.B.C. reaches agreement with Musicians' Union.



The scene in a street in a Greek quarter of Nicosia after a British police sergeant had been shot dead by terrorists on March 14. Two days later thirty shops and houses were closed by order of the district commissioner, as a collective punishment on the inhabitants for refusing to give information about terrorist activities.



Trellissick House, Cornwall, which is included in a gift to the National Trust by Mrs. R. Estate on the estuary of the River Fal. The grounds, which stretch to the water's edge, con-



Malenkov, who is leading a delegation of Russian electrical engineers on a three-day visit to British power stations, photographed (second from right, foreground) during a walk at Windsor Castle last Sunday.



A collection of 376 acres of Trellisick

land of 376 acres of Trellisick, a collection of flowering shrubs.



A model of Sir William Holford's design for replanning the precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral, which is to be considered by the Court of Common Council of the City of London today. The plan includes provision for restoring Temple Bar as a north-east gateway to a greatly enlarged Cathedral forecourt.



Six members of the Surrey Walking Club, dressed as Saxon soldiers and each carrying equipment weighing forty pounds, marching along the Fosse Way near Cirencester, Gloucestershire, on March 11, in an attempt to end the 900-year old dispute whether King Harold could have marched his army 200 miles from Stamford Bridge to Hastings in ten days. The walkers succeeded in covering eighteen miles in the one-day trek which was organized for a television programme to be shown on June 5.

(Continued from Page 283)

did he personally realise that they were likely to be fatal? But, in order to answer that question, the jury are to pay special attention to that which a reasonable man would have contemplated. Or the instruction may mean that the jury are bound to convict if they conclude that a reasonable man would have realised that the consequences of the accused's conduct would probably be fatal, although doubtful whether the accused himself contemplated such consequences at all.

On the first view, the outlook of a reasonable man is merely an item of evidence; on the second, it is the very thing to be proved. The phraseology of the judgement in Ward's case strongly supports the second view, but there are many unsolved problems relating to this type of malice aforethought. For instance, it was said in the seventeenth century that a workman would be guilty of murder if he killed someone by deliberately throwing a piece of timber from a roof above a street which he knew to be crowded without taking any steps to ensure that no one was passing below. It is difficult to believe that there would be a conviction for murder on such facts today; but, provided the street was sufficiently crowded, a jury might well conclude that, when the workman threw the timber, any reasonable person must have known that what he was doing would cause at least grievous bodily harm, although this possibility was not considered by the workman himself. The implications of holding a man guilty of murder because he acted without thinking, when others would have thought and decided not to act, have never really been fully considered by the judges. The most that emerges from Ward's case is that someone will be guilty of murder if he causes death in a fit of temper by an attack which was intentional, in the sense that he knew that he was shaking or striking his victim, provided a reasonable man would have realised that it would result in serious injury.

Even so, the case shows that the law can operate very harshly. For practical purposes, the only possible verdicts were 'guilty of murder', or 'guilty of manslaughter'. No crime is committed if a child dies in consequence of reasonable chastisement, but nothing more than a slight tap could be reasonable in the case of a baby, and, on his own showing, Ward went far beyond this. Manslaughter is committed when a child is killed by chastisement, which, though excessive, would not normally result in death or grievous bodily harm, but the jury could not return a verdict of manslaughter on this ground because they must, at the least, have concluded that a reasonable man would have known that whatever Ward did to the child was likely to kill or seriously injure it. Provocation was not pleaded, no doubt because a child's persistent screaming must be treated as something which would not cause a normal person to lose control of himself, however sceptical a sorely tried parent may be on this point.

It is sometimes said that the law would be too kind to short-tempered people if the idiosyncrasies of the particular accused were taken into account in considering the question of provocation; but it must be remembered that the punish-

ment for manslaughter may vary, at the judge's discretion, from a fine to imprisonment for life, so ample allowance could be made for the accused's blameworthiness in losing control of himself too easily. From the moral point of view, it certainly seems odd that someone whose rage prevents him from thinking in terms of the consequences of his acts should be under precisely the same legal liability as the cold calculating murderer, but that appears to be the result of *The Queen against Ward*.

Indeed, the main defect of the law of murder is that it goes much too far in treating as identical cases which are morally unlike each other. Expediency may render this necessary to some extent, but it does not justify two further extensions of the meaning of malice aforethought: at any rate in the extreme form in which they are sometimes stated. It is said to be murder to cause death in the commission of a felony, or with intent to resist arrest. This means that once it is proved that the accused was committing a felony, or endeavouring to resist arrest, when he killed the deceased, he must be convicted of murder although he did not contemplate causing any serious bodily injury and a reasonable man would not have considered that such injury would be the necessary outcome of the accused's conduct.

Rape and robbery are both felonies. Accordingly, the man who kills the woman he is raping by involuntarily exerting pressure on her throat when he puts his hand over her mouth to prevent her from screaming is guilty of murder; so is the robber who accidentally causes his victim to die of heart failure by giving him a push when stealing his watch. Arson is also a felony, and, as recently as 1862, an eminent judge said that someone who set fire to a haystack in order to spite its owner would be guilty of murder if a tramp sleeping on the stack were accidentally burned to death. Many lawyers would say that this is no longer law because the felony on which the accused was engaged did not involve the use of violence against an unwilling victim, but the point cannot be said to have been definitely settled by authority.

This is not the place to discuss the pros and cons of holding a person guilty of murder if he unintentionally kills a policeman when resisting arrest. No one can say how far this branch of the law extends. In 1940, the Court of Criminal Appeal said that 'a much less degree of violence may be sufficient to justify a verdict of guilty of murder in the case of a police officer who is killed in the execution of his duty of arresting a person . . . than would suffice in the case of another person'. I therefore think that a man would probably be guilty of murder if he became engaged in fisticuffs with a policeman when resisting arrest, and knocked him down so that he fractured his skull. The ordinary brawler is morally guilty of manslaughter if he kills his adversary by accidentally causing him to fracture his skull during a fight. The blow would not have been intended to kill or cause grievous bodily harm, and a reasonable man would not have thought that such results must follow from it.

From a talk in the Third Programme

Stories of Chinese Ghosts

By Arthur Waley

THERE seem to be more ghost-stories in China than in any other part of the world; which is not unnatural, for more people have lived and died in China during more centuries than anywhere else. Here are a few such stories, taken from an eighteenth-century collection:

A certain Mr. Yeh had a friend called Wang, and on Wang's sixtieth birthday Yeh mounted his donkey and rode off to congratulate Wang. At dusk, when he was crossing the Fang Shan (south-west of Peking), he was caught up by a big fellow on horseback, who asked him where he was going. When Yeh told him, he said: 'How fortunate! Wang is my cousin and I too am going to visit him on his birthday.'

Let us keep each other company! Yeh was delighted to have a companion, and readily assented. After a time he noticed that the big fellow continually lagged behind. He invited him to lead the way, and the other pretended to accept the suggestion. But in a few minutes he had fallen behind again. Yeh began to suspect that the man behind was a bandit and kept on glancing back at him over his shoulder.

It was soon pitch dark, and he could no longer see his companion. But presently a storm began, there was a flash of lightning and by its light Yeh saw that the fellow was now hanging from his saddle head downwards, his feet moving in space, as though he were walking; and at every

step he took there was a peal of thunder, each thunder-clap being also accompanied by a black vapour which issued from the fellow's mouth. Yeh saw that he had an immensely long tongue, red as cinnabar. He was of course much startled and alarmed; but there seemed to be nothing for it but to ride on as fast as he could to Mr. Wang's house. Wang was delighted to see them both and at once asked them to have a drink. Taking Wang aside, Yeh asked him if it was a fact that he was related to the person he had met on the road. 'Oh yes', said Mr. Wang. 'That's quite right. It's my cousin Mr. Chang. He lives in Rope-makers Lane at Peking and is a silversmith by profession'. This reassured Yeh, and he began to think that what he had seen during the night was simply an hallucination. However, when the time came for going to bed, he did not much like the idea of sharing a room with the fellow. But the other insisted upon it, and Yeh was obliged reluctantly to concur, only taking the precaution of getting an old servant of Mr. Wang's to sleep in the same room.

Help from the God of War

Yeh could not manage to get to sleep. At the third watch, though the candle had gone out, the whole room was suddenly filled with light, and Yeh saw the man sitting up in bed; the light came from his huge protruding tongue. He then came over and sniffed at Yeh's bed-curtains, saliva dripping from his jaws. But seeming to realise that Yeh was awake, he changed his mind and, seizing the old servant, devoured him almost to the last bone. It so happened that Yeh was a devotee of Kuan Yü, the God of War, and he now hastened to call out: 'Great Sovereign, subduer of demons, where are you?' At once there was a resounding boom as though a gong had been struck, and Kuan Yü appeared from between the rafters, with a huge sword in his hand. He struck at the monster, who at once turned into a butterfly as big as a cartwheel which spread its wings to parry the blow. After the combatants had pranced round one another for a moment or two, there was a loud crash, and both butterfly and the god vanished.

Yeh fell fainting to the floor and was still lying there when at noon Mr. Wang came to see what had happened. He had now recovered sufficiently to tell Wang the whole story, and Wang indeed saw for himself that there was fresh blood on the servant's bed. But both Mr. Chang and the servant had disappeared, though Chang's horse was still in the stable. They at once sent a messenger to Peking, who on reaching Chang's workshop found him at his stove melting silver. He had been in Peking all the time and had never come to Mr. Wang's to congratulate him on his sixtieth birthday.

The following story is headed: 'It is not always the most reputable people who turn into gods'. A student called Li was going up to Peking for the examinations. At Soochow he hired a launch and had got as far as Huai-an, when there suddenly appeared at the cabin door a certain Mr. Wang, who had formerly been Li's neighbour. He asked if he might join him. Li consented, and they travelled together for the rest of the day. At nightfall, when they anchored, Wang asked him if he easily took fright. The question surprised Li. He reflected for a moment and then said 'I don't think so'.

'I should be sorry to scare you', said Wang. 'But as you assure me that you are not easily scared, I had better tell you the truth at once. I am a ghost, not a live man. It is six years since you and I last met. Last year the crops failed, prices soared, and driven by hunger and cold I rifled a tomb, in order to get something valuable to sell for food and firing. But I was arrested, found guilty, and executed. And now I am a ghost, hungry and cold as before. I boarded your boat and asked you to take me with you to Peking, because I have a debt to collect there'.

'Who is it that owes you money?' asked Li.

'A certain Mr. Piao', he said. 'He is employed by the Board of Punishments, and he promised that when my papers passed through his hands he would erase the death-sentence

and substitute something milder, in consideration for which I was to give him five hundred ounces of silver. I managed to collect the sum, but once it was in his hands he ignored his side of the bargain, and the sentence was duly carried out. So now I am going to haunt him'.

This Mr. Piao happened to be a relative of Li's. He was very much upset that a member of his family should behave in this way. 'The sentence pronounced upon you was of course perfectly in order', he said. 'But my kinsman had no right to rob you in this way. How would it be if I were to take you with me to his house and point out to him how badly he behaved? He would then probably give you your money back. By the way, as you are dead, I don't quite see what use the money would be to you'.

'It is true that I have not now any use for it', said Wang, 'but my wife and children are still living quite close to your home, and if we recover the money, I shall ask you to give it to them for me'.

Mr. Li promised to do this. Several days later, when they were approaching the capital, Wang asked leave to go on ahead, saying. 'I'm going off to your relative's house to haunt him. If he has already realised that he is in my power, he is more likely to listen to what you say when you put my case to him. If you were to go there straight away he would certainly take no notice; for he is a man of extremely avaricious disposition'.

So saying, Wang disappeared. Li went on into Peking, found himself a lodging, and a few days later went to his kinsman's house. On arriving, he was told that Mr. Piao, his relative, was suffering from a 'possession'. Shamans, soothsayers, everything had been tried, but all to no purpose. As soon as Li reached the door, the 'possession', speaking through the sick man's mouth, shouted out: 'Now's your chance, people! Your star of deliverance has arrived'. The people of the house all rushed out to meet Li, asking him what the madman's words meant. Li told them the whole story, and Piao's wife at first suggested burning a considerable quantity of paper money in payment of the debt. At this the sick man roared with laughter. 'Pay back real money with make-believe money!' he said. 'Nothing in this world can be disposed of quite so conveniently as that! Count out 500 ounces of silver at once, and hand them over to our friend here. I shan't let go of you till you do!' The Piaos produced the money, and Mr. Piao at once recovered his senses.

Examination Results

Some days later the ghost turned up at Li's lodging and urged him to set out for the south at once. 'But I have not sat for my examination yet', said Li. 'You are not going to pass', said the ghost, 'so there is no point in sitting'. Li, however, insisted on remaining at Peking. After he had sat for the examination, the ghost again urged him to start for home. 'Do let me just wait till the results are out', said Li. 'You haven't passed', said the ghost, 'so what is the point of waiting for the results?' When the results were published, Li's name was not on the list. 'Now perhaps you'll consent to start', said the ghost, laughing. Ashamed of having kept him waiting for nothing, Li agreed to start immediately. On the boat he noticed that Wang sniffed at things to eat and drink, but never swallowed them, and that if he sniffed at anything hot, it at once became icy-cold.

When they got to Sutsien, the ghost said, 'They are giving a play in that village over there. Let's go and look on'. When they had watched several episodes, the ghost suddenly disappeared. But Li heard somewhere nearby a sound of sand flying and pebbles rolling. He thought he had better go to the boat and wait till the ghost came back. It was getting dark when the ghost at last reappeared, dressed up very grandly. 'Good-bye', he said, 'I'm staying here. I've got the job of being the God of War'.

'How have you managed that?' asked Li, very much surprised.

'All the so-called Goddesses of Mercy and Gods of War down here in this world are merely ghosts', he said, 'passing

themselves off as divinities. The play we saw was given in pursuance of a vow to the God of War. But the local "God of War" is in fact the ghost of a scamp who did far worse things than I ever did. I suddenly made up my mind I would oust him from his job, so I went and had a scuffle with him and drove him away. I daresay you heard the noise of sand flying and pebbles rolling'. With these words, the ghost bowed his thanks and vanished. Li went on down the canal, and eventually handed over the 500 ounces of silver to the ghost's family.

'Clash of Generations'

A story about the ghost of Chiang T'ing-hsi, a famous painter who lived from 1669 to 1732, well illustrates the 'clash of generations'. The men of the early eighteenth century were on the whole stern and puritanical, those of the mid-century pleasure-loving and tolerant, those of its closing years and the early nineteenth century once more strait-laced and censorious. Chiang T'ing-hsi was a typical scholar of the old, severe school. He warned his sons and grandsons against ever having anything to do with actors, and as long as he was alive no actor or entertainer ever came near the house. When he had been dead for ten years his son Chiang P'u began occasionally to get actors from outside to give performances. But he still did not venture to keep a private troupe in the house.

An old family servant called Ku Sheng, when chatting one day with Chiang P'u, got on to the subject of theatricals. 'A company of actors from outside', he pleaded, 'is never so good as a troupe trained in the house, or so handy. A lot of the servants here have children. Why don't you get hold of a teacher, make him select the likeliest and have them trained as a company?' Chiang P'u was much attracted by the idea; but before he could answer he suddenly saw Ku Sheng's face transfigured by a look of abject terror. He held his two hands in front of him as though to receive handcuffs, and fell prostrate on the ground. Then he inserted his head between the legs of the table and worked his way from one table-leg to another till the table completely covered him, like the lid of a box. Chiang called to him, but he did not answer. He then sent urgent messages to shamans and doctors; but nothing they could do was of any avail.

However, at midnight the old servant began to revive and was able at last to say: 'What a fright I have had, what a fright! Just after my last remark to you, a huge figure appeared and dragged me off to a hall in which my master said in a stern voice: "I am surprised that you, who have been in the service of my family from generation to generation, should ignore my last wishes and persuade Wu-lang [Chiang P'u's intimate name] to keep actors". He then had me bound; I was given forty strokes with the rod and shut up alive in a coffin. I was completely stupefied, and did not know what to do. At last I heard voices calling to me and, still lying in my coffin, I tried to answer, but could not. After a time, however, I began to feel less confused; but I still did not know how to get out'. They looked at his back and saw there actually were blue-black weals on it.

The Chinese, as is well known, used to refer to Europeans as *kuei*; that is, 'ghosts' or 'demons'. Attempts have sometimes been made to show that this was not so rude as it sounds: *kuei* is a harmless classificatory term, merely implying that foreigners were creatures that belonged to a different order of things. But it certainly was not a term of admiration. To call people *kuei* necessarily, I think, implies that they are both hideous and alarming. Many Chinese books of ghost-stories contain stories about *kuei* who were not spooks or spirits of the departed, but merely foreigners. Here is a story about the land of the Russian *kuei*:

General Umitai, a Mongol officer serving in the Chinese army, used to relate that when, as a young man, he was attached to a mission sent to Russia, he heard that to the north Russia was bounded by a great ocean, and wanted to go and look at it. The Russians were opposed to this; but he begged so hard to be allowed to that in the end they gave him an escort of natives, who carried compasses and implements for striking a light. For Umitai they provided a carry-

ing-chair with a double lining of felt; his escort rode on camels. After going north for six or seven days they saw a great mountain of ice, like a bastion; so high that its summit was lost in the sky, and shining with so blinding a light that it was not possible to look straight at it. In the base of this mountain was a cave. He crawled into it, guided by his escort, who, striking lights and consulting the compass, wriggled their way through tortuous passages. After three days they came to the end of the cave and out into a region where the sky was brown, like tortoiseshell. Every now and then a black cloud blew their way, stinging them as though grit had been flung in their faces. The natives said it was what was called black hail. They could not bear it for long on end, and every few miles, when they could find a cavern in the rocks, they sheltered there and started a fire, which they made with saltpetre; for nowhere in that region are there any bushes or trees; nor is there any coal or charcoal.

After resting a little they would go on again, and after five or six days they came to two huge bronze figures, facing one another. They were some thirty feet high. One figure rode on a tortoise and the other grasped a serpent in his hand. In front of them was a bronze column with some characters on it in a script that Umitai could not read. The natives said that the statues had been erected by the Emperor Yao. They had always heard that what was written on the pillar meant 'Gate into the Cold'. At this point the men of his escort refused to go any further. 'Ahead of us', they said, 'is a sea; but it is still 300 leagues away. When one gets there, neither the sun nor the stars are visible. The cold is so intense that it cuts one's skin, and if one catches it [that is to say, gets frost-bite] one dies. The waters of the sea are black as lead. From time to time these waters part, and out of the rift come ogres and strange beasts which seize people and carry them away. Even where we are now, water does not flow or fire burn'. To test this last statement Umitai held a lighted torch against his fun coat, and found that, as stated, it did not burn. After a long rest, they started home again. On reaching the town, a roll-call was held, and it was found that out of fifty men twenty-one had died of frost-bite. Umitai's own face was black as pitch and he did not recover his normal complexion for six months. Some of those who went with him had blackened faces for the rest of their lives.

Legend of the White Sea

Yao, it should be explained, was an ancient Chinese Emperor who thousands of years ago ruled over 'everything under Heaven'. So from a Chinese point of view it was not surprising to find that he had erected a monument in Siberia. The Chinese mission to which Umitai was attached was apparently the one that reached St. Petersburg in 1733, and the story seems to be a more or less legendary account of an attempt to explore the White Sea.

What makes Chinese ghost-stories so different from ours is, I think, the fact that our belief in such things is an isolated survival from a whole pattern of thought that we have long ago cast aside; whereas Chinese ideas about ghosts were part of a vast structure of commonly accepted belief about that other universe, the World of the Dead, far apart from our world, yet so continually brushing against us with its cold touch that the fringes of these two worlds seem to overlap and entwine.—*Third Programme*.

The subject of the essay for this year's Cecil Peace Prize £100 is: 'International Organisation for the maintenance of peace can only be effective if it is based on the genuine desire of world opinion'. The competition is open to all graduates, undergraduates and students of any university in the kingdom who will still be under twenty-five on the last day for submitting essays, i.e. November 1, 1956. Full particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, the David Davies Memorial Institute of International Studies, Thorney House, 34 Smith Square, London S.W.1.

The Reith Lecturer for 1956 will be Sir Edward Appleton, Principal of Edinburgh University. His lectures will be called 'Science and the Nation'.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Dealing with Inflation

Sir.—Is Sir Oliver Franks right in arguing that 'too much money chasing too few goods' is only another way of saying that 'there is too much money in the banks, that bank deposits are too high' (THE LISTENER, February 16)? For the last year or two my bank balance has been on the wrong side, as a rule; now I have a substantial balance on the right side, because my broker advised me to sell a certain stock at a good nominal profit.

Has this made me spend more? Not in the least; I am waiting to re-invest, indeed I am putting part of my gain into 3½ per cent. War Loan, against my broker's advice. No, the real cause of inflation, or higher prices, is the continued grant of higher wages to large bodies of trade unionists, and of higher salaries to clerical workers. Each grant to the men in any industry means a rise in the price of the article they produce, and the extra money which they have to spend helps to raise the price of things in general. Nothing but a 'wage freeze', with a fixed limit on the issue of paper money, will stop inflation.—Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

J. E. ALLEN

Tradition Faces the Challenge

Sir.—Mr. Alec Peterson had many interesting and important things to say about the serious situation facing the country over the shortage of trained scientific manpower and the challenge thrown out to the schools by the difficulties in which we find ourselves (THE LISTENER, February 16). He is undoubtedly right in his assertion that a more broadly based sixth-form curriculum is urgently needed for both scientific and non-scientific 'illiterates'. Much thought is being devoted to this problem in the universities and in the schools and considerable changes in sixth-form curricula are likely to take place in the next few years.

His proposal to alleviate the shortage of science masters by the establishment of 'Science Greats' at the universities is more open to doubt. General Honours courses at the universities have never been popular and have signally failed to attract even a small proportion of the best brains. The suggestion that students should take physics with history or modern languages at school would not provide really able candidates for 'Science Greats'. Apart from the fact that his physics would be very weak through lack of mathematical technique, the able student, sooner or later, would become an enthusiast for one subject or another. He would wish to be either a historian or a physicist or a linguist, and the combination taken to a more superficial level would seem to him to be inherently dull. Sixth-form teaching in our schools needs men and women with able minds who are enthusiasts for their own subject. This is as important for the scientists as for the arts specialists. I fear that Mr. Peterson's suggestion would fill the ranks of the science masters with men who were neither of sufficient general ability nor sufficiently interested in science.

Mr. Peterson implies that the lower salary scale of the teaching profession is not the main cause of the shortage of good science masters. But the lack of esteem in which the schoolmaster's profession is held does stem primarily from this cause. Most science undergraduates soon realise that research is often a humdrum and routine job. They go into it because the pay and prospects are many hundreds of pounds a year better than they could obtain as science masters. If the pay prospects were in any way comparable there would soon be a drastic change in the situation.

Yours, etc.,

King George V School,
Southport.

G. J. DIXON
Headmaster.

France's New Political Party

Sir.—I have recently come across Mr. Thomas Cadet's account of 'France's New Political Party' which appeared in THE LISTENER for January 19. I feel I should point out that a number of French people to whom I have shown the talk have been surprised at its incompleteness and at its failure to account for the alarm and hostility which Pierre Poujade's electoral successes have aroused in France among all those who profess liberal or democratic convictions.

It is true, as Mr. Cadet points out, that Poujade has been able to exploit the discontent of the *café* proprietors and shopkeepers who voted for his candidates in January. His own ambitions, however, and those of many of his adherents extend much further than simple administrative or fiscal reform. His programme, as it appears in his newspaper, '*Fraternité Française*', includes parliamentary reform reducing the role of the National Assembly to that of a purely consultative body based on professional representation. Civil liberties are to be denied to all citizens who cannot claim three generations of French nationality. North Africa and the French Union are to continue to supply cheap labour and raw materials to French industry and to be governed by the traditional methods of direct colonisation and military repression. I feel that it is necessary to point out that, since Mr. Cadet's broadcast, two of Poujade's deputies have been actively fomenting agitation against the present Government, not in Normandy or the Loire-et-Cher, but in Algiers, while in Paris and Montpellier Poujadists sided openly with the right-wing extremists who were responsible for the mobbing and beating up of coloured students.

The plight of the small tradesman and of the peasant in France is one of the most tragic problems of our time. It is impossible, however, to consider the extreme conservatism of the deputies who now claim to represent these classes without seeing the danger of a new and violent manifestation of the fascism of the nineteen thirties. The Falangist press in Spain and the neo-fascist press in Italy have already expressed their approval of the new French party. In France it receives the support of '*Rivarol*' and of the interests and personalities who backed Doriot and Laval. Mr. Cadet, I feel, distorts the real nature of Poujadism when he presents it as a simple issue between the 'little man' and a tyrannical bureaucracy.—Yours, etc.,

GEOFFREY STRICKLAND

Lyon.

The Heart of a King

Sir.—My attention has been drawn to Mr. Plomer's charming poem in THE LISTENER of February 2. There is some misapprehension. The wife of the Reverend William Harcourt, who was by no means famous for her wit, was disliked by her brother-in-law, and certainly at no time in 1856 could she have received guests at Nuneham Park. George Granville Harcourt, the owner at that time, was married to the enchanting Frances, Lady Waldegrave, one of the wittiest women of her time, whose parties at Nuneham from 1847 to 1861 were internationally famous.

Yours, etc.,

Cummersdale

OSBERT WYNDHAM HEWETT

[Mr. Plomer writes:

[Mr. Hewett's delightful book about Lady Waldegrave had made me resolve to write and ask him whether I ought not to have attributed to her rather than to Mrs. Harcourt the function of hostess to Dr. Buckland at Nuneham in 1856. His kind letter shows that I ought. When 'The Heart of a King' is reprinted the mistake will be put right.]



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The Listener's Book Chronicle

Defeat Into Victory. By Field-Marshal Sir William Slim. Cassell. 25s.

NO SENIOR OFFICER saw as much of the fighting in Burma as the author of this book. None is so closely identified with it. He was Corps Commander, Army Commander, and finally Allied Land Forces Commander, though Japan surrendered while he was flying back from leave to take up the last-named appointment.

His literary gifts do not include that of high distinction in style, but he does possess exceptional descriptive power and brings out the nature of his problems clearly. The book is almost as much a history of the campaigns as a personal narrative. It often goes down to the brigade level in detail, which is perhaps too far.

Supply and administration played a bigger part in Burma than anywhere else. This may appear a bold claim, but most readers will acknowledge its justice when they reach the last page. With this business side of the war must be linked the spiritual and moral. The importance of the latter was to a large extent based on the same conditions as governed that of the former: the remoteness and inaccessibility of the theatre of war and the priority given to other theatres. On the moral side, however, another prominent factor has to be taken into account. The fighting qualities of the Japanese and the ascendancy over both British and Indian troops achieved by them in the first half of the war were positively terrifying in their results and implications.

The two problems interlocked and Sir William Slim tackled them together. It was necessary not merely to raise the standard of training but to increase the confidence of the troops. To make sure they won, he had to make sure at the outset that they were superior in strength when they met the enemy in the earlier battles and actions. Health and the treatment of the wounded had to be improved. This was done in two completely different ways, evacuation to India by air and increased attention to and facilities for medical and surgical treatment in the forward zone. The other obvious measure, extra amenities, was virtually barred. There were no amenities to speak of. Nor could he be lavish in any way. Instead of the 400 tons a day which a division would sometimes get in other theatres, he found that Indian divisions could be maintained for long periods without deterioration on 120 tons. Even that much could not have been provided without a splendidly organised and hard-working system of air transport.

Slim was a very active commander, in no way 'staff-ridden'. The strategy and tactics of the Fourteenth Army were very much his own. On the other hand, he gave corps and divisional commanders an exceptionally broad initiative. He was nearly always satisfied with the way they used it. It cannot be doubted that men who are comparatively young for such positions, as most of these were, develop quickly when so treated. There are risks in the practice, but it worked here. The Army Commander handed out very few bowler hats to the higher ranks.

Though Slim had two headquarters above him and there were other large forces operating in Burma which were not under his command, once he had been given the broad lines of his strategy he was his own master in his own sphere to an even greater extent than was any senior subordinate. South-East Asia Allied Command was indispensable as regards co-ordination of land and air forces, but the credit for the revolutionary air role in supply and above all troop-lifting must go mainly to Slim and the two or three British and American Air Force officers who collaborated most closely with him. Without this new system some sort of campaign might have been mounted, but a great victory would have been out of the question.

In tactics the Fourteenth Army was almost as much an innovator. Its passages of the great rivers in its path were masterly. It made the most of Japanese rigidity, almost the only serious weakness it had to play on. Its flank and rear attacks became as bold as those of the Japanese in their prosperous days. We must not forget, however, that great numerical superiority was required to bring about the victory.

Sir William Slim writes modestly. When he criticises, it is generally by implication or, where superiors are involved, by amusingly generalised allusions to bureaucracy in the rear and at the base. He thus avoids bringing in personalities, though individuals must have been responsible for most of what he complains of.

My Father: The True Story. By A. W. Baldwin. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Beaverbrook. By Tom Driberg. Wiedenfeld and Nicholson. 21s.

Mr. Baldwin's book is a generous and successful defence of his father against the calumnies that fell upon him in the closing years of his life. They would have been unimportant if the catastrophe of 1939 had passed us by; but when war came people began to look for a scapegoat and found one in Stanley Baldwin. His reluctance—a reluctance that eventually crystallised in the word Sloth—to penetrate into the morass of foreign affairs, and his apparent unwillingness to draw all the very unpleasant conclusions that followed logically from the words and deeds of the Nazi and Fascist leaders, were weaknesses that he shared with the overwhelming majority of people in the British Isles. There was therefore, in 1939, a widespread sense of guilt for past omissions; a guilt that deepened when Poland was allowed to die in the agony of loneliness. So those who needed a scapegoat to carry the burden of the past turned against the old man who had retired with an Earldom to the tranquility of the countryside. Some of the abusive letters and statements quoted by Mr. Baldwin are of an unbelievable baseness.

The case against Stanley Baldwin rests, in the first place, upon his 'appalling frankness' speech of November 12th, 1936. Mr. Baldwin deals fully and convincingly with it and shows how his father's critics tore it from its context and twisted its meaning in order to produce the picture of a politician who did not hesitate to tell the big lie for electoral purposes. The *real* case against him, a case that is only barely touched on in this biography, is that he failed to warn the electorate in time, and that he did nothing, until it was too late, to prepare it for the dangers that lay ahead. It is true that Stanley Baldwin was not particularly well served by some of his technical advisers, as this biography makes clear. Nevertheless, even if accurate figures about the state of the German air force were not available, the general trend of political developments was clear enough, and it seems reasonable to argue that it was the Government's duty to warn the country. Yet the country, at that time, was singularly unresponsive to unpleasant warnings.

We are faced, then, with the fundamental question of how far it is possible for a politician in a democratic country to beat against the tide of public opinion. F. S. Oliver, whose thought (according to Mr. G. M. Young) had a considerable influence on Stanley Baldwin's mind, expresses the problem in these terms: 'An artist starving in a garret because he has ventured to outrage popular taste, may yet paint masterpieces; but political masterpieces can only be made by a politician working in an energetic partnership with a prevalent opinion'. Up to the Munich crisis it was hard to detect an active 'prevailing opinion' in foreign affairs; public opinion as a whole was uninterested and lethargic; and there was nothing there save cotton wool and jelly-fish to enter into an energetic partnership with. The great debate was couched in utterly unrealistic terms—how to square the German demand for equality with the French insistence upon



the things they say!



I might have begged a lift of that tanker driver.

Why should he stop for you?

Well, I took the plunge some time ago, and bought some I.C.I. stock.

I.C.I.? Rubbing shoulders with the big brass, aren't you?

Not a bit of it. Most of the stockholders in I.C.I. are small investors like me.

That's hard to believe.



I used to think the same — until I checked the facts. The truth is, 85% of the stockholders hold, on the average, less than four hundred £1 units of stock each.

But the rest hold a nice little packet, I'll bet!

Wrong again. There are surprisingly few large holdings and most of those belong to life insurance companies, pension funds and investment trusts.

So the money is spread throughout a very wide circle, when you work it out.

Yes, but somebody must hold a controlling interest.

The business is too big for that to happen.

There are over 280,000 stockholders.



How are you so well up on your facts?

Well, my own son works for them, you know. There's another thing — he's a stockholder himself now! With the new profit-sharing scheme in full swing, more than 80,000 employees like him now have their own stake in the company.



security, while the real problem of our island security only emerged in public at a very much later stage. And in any case, as his son records, Stanley Baldwin was not a 'dynamic executive force'.

In home affairs, Stanley Baldwin was supremely successful in many respects, and particularly in his relations with the Labour Party. There indeed he had a prevalent opinion behind him, and he made the most of it; just as he had in his battle with the newspaper barons. He would hardly have agreed with some of the present leaders of the Conservative Party who delight to remind us that we have the finest newspaper press in the world. In these matters, Stanley Baldwin's firmness was founded on an inner integrity that nothing could shake.

It is interesting to compare these points with those made by Mr. Driberg in his discussion of Lord Beaverbrook's attitude to Stanley Baldwin. Mr. Driberg remains convinced of Baldwin's slyness and cunning; and he notes that Lord Beaverbrook was constantly worsted in his encounters with him because he under-estimated his wits. 'The Abdication', Mr. Driberg writes, 'represented the final triumph of a premier who seems to have satisfied more perfectly than any other, before or since his time, the standard English taste for amateurism in public life. He was not, in fact, an amateur; he was a highly competent professional; but he was a professional superbly disguised as an amateur. This was the mask, this the sturdy, sublime hypocrisy, that foisted so many of those who seemed, on the surface, far smarter than he.' After this salvo it is a little surprising to read that Mr. Driberg, with a gentlemanly wince, finds that an attack upon Lord Beaverbrook in 1922 by *The New Witness* was 'extraordinarily offensive'. On the whole, the most interesting chapters in Mr. Driberg's book are those that deal with Lord Beaverbrook's relations with the Conservative Party and especially with his battle against Stanley Baldwin.

There is one fascinating quotation. Lord Beaverbrook was once asked why he and Baldwin had never been reconciled to each other. 'I never wanted to be reconciled to him', he replied. 'Baldwin could do many diabolical things and get away with them. He used to make me frantic.'

Elizabeth Barrett to Mr. Boyd.
Edited by Barbara P. McCarthy.
Murray 35s

In 1827, at the age of 21, Elizabeth Barrett began the friendship with Hugh Stuart Boyd, then 47, which was to become the main interest and consolation of the last twenty years of Boyd's life. At the family house at Hope End Elizabeth needed intellectual companionship and the guidance of a tutor in Greek. Boyd was a scholar and something of a pedant, a bad poet, and the author of some unimportant opuscules. He was fast going blind. He was a pathetic and far from contemptible figure, and it is strange that the editor of this volume should not have dignified him by the use of his Christian names in the title. He deserves more than 'Mr.'

The relationship was entirely creditable to everyone concerned, except Mr. Barrett, whose arbitrary decisions and wilful temper put unnecessary obstacles in the way of friendship. Boyd's wife and daughter remained on cordial terms with Elizabeth and her family, and appear not to have actively resented his intimacy with his young pupil and confidante. The pathos, if not tragedy, of the friendship lay in the inevitability of estrangement: Elizabeth grew out of the relationship, as Boyd depended more and more upon it. Well over half the letters were written in the first five years. After the Barretts' removal to London and during the dark period of Elizabeth's life—the decade before her meeting with Browning—she corresponded less frequently with Boyd, and the old closeness was lost. But she never lost her regard and her tenderness for her friend, and when she confided to him her engagement he encouraged her to persevere in it, and was the first person on whom she called

immediately after parting from her husband outside Marylebone Church. She wrote three letters to him from Italy telling him of her new happiness; then in 1848 he died.

The letters, most of which are now published for the first time, tell us little that is new, but they help to fill in the picture of Elizabeth as a young bluestocking making her way in the world of poetry and ideas. They show her to have been of singular sensibility and sweetness, witty and vivacious. The lengthy disquisitions on Greek poetry and the early Christian fathers are relieved with passages of mild intellectual flirtation. There are occasions when Elizabeth is a little over-subtle, a little *too* feminine.

For the most part, however, her humour and good sense prevail over any tendency to preciosity. If one tries to say why these letters are so readable, one is obliged to fall back upon the word 'charm', which after all only means some quality of attraction which cannot be analysed but only recognised. The curious thing is that the charm of the letters is to be found, not in the passages which are their ostensible purpose—the intellectual discussions—but in their least structural features—the endless explanations as to why she cannot visit him this week, why she has not answered his last letter for so long, what she meant when she said this, or what he might have meant when he accused her of that. It is much to be regretted that Boyd's letters do not survive; as it is, we are given only one side of a prolonged telephone conversation.

The editor's introduction is a model of biographical exposition; yet the book as a whole would have been even more acceptable if she could have seen her way to a much more drastic excision of the scholarly speculations, which occupy far too many tedious pages.

Remarkably, Miss Raine proclaims herself dedicated to classical poetics; the ancient idealistic propositions upon which the art grew up: poetry is more universal than history, it deals with things that might have happened, not things that did happen; or as Miss Raine says in her preface, 'the ever-recurring forms of nature mirror eternal reality; the never-recurring productions of human history reflect only fallen man'. She is preoccupied with man's essential innocence. She accepts the great archetypes of myth, but shuns the too-specific, dated, journalistic image: in 'Winter Fire', and simple), she wishes to convey the idea of the world's great conflagrations: she quotes Lucretius' 'flammantia moenia mudi' and writes of

Troy and Dido's Carthaginian pyre
And Baldur's ship and fabulous London burning,
Robes, wooden walls and crystal palaces . . .

London's real fires have been epic but they must here be 'won over into myth': hence crystal palaces, not the Crystal Palace.

Miss Raine's generalised 'symbolic vocabulary' (sky, angel, rose, night, eternity, etc.) is evocative, partly, no doubt, by contrast to the tough, odd, modern images we have got used to: here, we may feel, is something older, purer, profounder, the unfamiliar utterance of beauty. Miss Raine has all the unfair advantages of the true romantic: in 'Amo Ergo Sum' she appreciates Tennyson's rich melodiousness, and in 'Spell Sleep' the haunting twilight sadness of the late nineteenth century ('quiet waters of sleep', 'mirroring pool of dreams'). In one or two pieces we are reminded of her interest in Blake: 'Tiger Dream' is too obscure to be a success and is marred by the cliché 'happy few' (what kind of elite exactly?); but 'The Red Light' has real declamatory power:

Christ, as I die, I own it is for thee,
love, human nature, origin and shame.
The same light in the shrine and brothel see,
whatever human passion lights its flame
For of that red star are we virgins all. . .

In that poem, in lines like 'Sorrow' (which might almost have come straight from the *Prelude*), in the dazzling clangorous harshness of 'Harvest', and in many other poems in this book, Miss Raine exhibits a most deliberate imaginative power over her material.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Illustrating the News

FOR US VIEWERS the newspaper headlines about Archbishop Makarios were given extra force because we had seen him on our screens in a B.B.C. television interview. We remembered that he smiled with his teeth and glared with his eyes, a characteristic which had not been conveyed to us by the press photographers or the cartoonists but which, we now realised, had at least half prepared us for the climax. Illustrating the news is one of television's most useful functions, particularly as a corrector of the press, that high-speed industry which makes remarkably few mistakes, considering



Garments worn by Queen Elizabeth I, shown in the programme from Hatfield House on February 28



A common frog surfacing, seen in 'Look: The Pond Chorus' on February 29
John Cura

the vastness of its output. Two Sundays ago, the *Sunday Times* stated that the Prime Minister was feeling the strain of events and the *Sunday Express*, the same day, said that he was fit and well. Shown on television greeting M. Mollet, he gave us a good chance of testing both comments.

There were hopeful glimmerings again in a recent 'Saturday Night Out' programme in which we were visually transported to Paris under the collaborating aegis of the B.B.C. and Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française. While *chic* may not be an expression of the highest human aspirations, in giving us the best epitome of it that we have had on television the programme demonstrated a quite astonishing command over problems of communication. Most impressive was the French desire to please, the native intelligence perhaps reaching out to the new age of understanding which it sees television helping to create.

The possibilities of wider co-operation were admirably exhibited to us in the programme called 'Weather Forecast', in the filmed 'World Is Ours' series, put out under the auspices of United Nations working in conjunction with the B.B.C. Television Film Unit. We saw nation speaking unto nation over a broad network of mutual help in a commonplace, utilitarian, and yet somehow inspiring cause. So far as my memory serves, this was the zest of the series. Technically, it could hardly have been better. The best that I can say of John Huntley's choice and use of background music is that it was less obtrusive than in some previous films in the series.

Those of us who do not want television to become a home cinema must in fairness agree that travel films have given us some of the best recent viewing. 'The Murut People of Borneo' and 'The Hidden Valley of the Apa Tanis' were engrossing studies of primitive societies in the world of the hydrogen bomb. Many enjoyed 'Nigerian Journey', the full-length film of the royal journey. A criticism is that there was too much officialdom in their film, not enough local human nature. The other two films were entirely novel and revealing, especially 'The Hidden

Valley', which embroiled us dramatically to a point at which it seemed that at any moment the parading spears would be put to grim use. Not the least revealing discovery in those untrdden ways, somewhere between Assam and Tibet, was that the people think the rest of us inhuman. They must have someone out there who can read our newspapers. If the Murut people of Borneo seemed less sympathetic to our armchair comprehension, that was not the fault of the film-maker, Dr. Polunin, who was obviously not preoccupied by thoughts of pleasing the fancy of a television audience.

One never has that impression, either, of the films made by the German naturalist, Heinz Sielmann, who brought us those superb if sometimes repellent pictures of frogs, toads, and newts, in 'Look' recently. In his work the camera is part of the apparatus of devotion. Those scenes of pond life in early spring were marvellous. There was another 'Look' programme last week which will have given still keener delight, the one about penguins. It had some wonderful shots of Antarctic cloudscapes. As for the penguins, they were entrancing.

Programme planning continues to show occasional eccentricities which should not go unremarked because, as it happened, they gave pleasure. On one evening during the printing interregnum there were two excursions in the antique, ninety minutes apart. First, we were taken over Hatfield House by the outside broadcast cameras, a fine programme about a fine place. Then we were carried down to Cheddar in Somerset in the film series called 'Home Town'. Hatfield House was altogether commanding in its power to absorb our attention.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

A Blank My Lord

I HAVE BEEN SILENT, like Viola, 'A blank, my lord. She never told here love, but sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief'. To think of all those bouquets tendered to the band-leaders as they returned: the kind thoughts for the trade disputants who were rolling the Muses in the mud: the love of serials gone unexpressed. Read notices are sweet: but those unread are sweeter.

At the start of the interregnum, delicious uncertainty prevailed. One could not tell what might not appear: instead of Variety, a 'short' on the Holy Land with all those donkeys turning waterwheels. I have the sort of set which instantly emits the sound but takes minutes to produce the vision. What speculations during those minutes! Was it Dame Myra Hess or Miss Winifred Atwell? Sometimes the style gave



Stanley Baker as Mr. Rochester and Daphne Slater as Jane in the current television serial, 'Jane Eyre'

us the answer right away. At other times we had to wait for the confirmation of the vision. For instance, the pianist who *winked*, now, that would have been Miss Atwell.

I could multiply instances of such confusion—and irony. When 'The Great Little Tilley' was first billed, it had to be cancelled because of the strike; then we learnt that anyhow it could not have been given, the male impersonator's female impersonator, Miss Kirkwood, having, like this critic, temporarily lost her voice. When at length we did get it—'at length', scrappy and cliché-ridden was just how it was. Does Tilley earn this much time on telly? Her story was treated as if it had great cultural and almost national importance. One wonders if a female impersonator would get such a run or a build-up? Miss Kirkwood in her bright way scored a little less of a success with Miss Tilley than she had with Marie Lloyd.

A disappointment was Delderfield's new essay in 'The Mayerling Affair'. This is one of those stories which like Evans and Christie, the *Marie Celeste* and Dreyfus, refuses to lie down and die. We know a lot more about the wretched Crown Prince and his poor little Vetsera than we did when Charles Boyer and Danièle Darrieux showed us a grand sentimental explanation. But his version, though admitting a hypodermic syringe and Miss Sonia Dresdel as unsettling influences hardly got away from a callow, Ruritanian costume-piece attitude to the celebrated double suicide (if that is what, in fact, it was). Keith Michell and Mai Zetterling did what they could. The excitement of the occasion was the way Rudolph Cartier flung the camera about. Sometimes a living eye, not peering through a chink in a screen. When television can really move with the freedom (or that illusion of freedom) given by the best kind of film cutting, we are indeed making progress.

Time is a great healer and it may seem folly to revert to the many serials we have endured and are still undergoing. 'Jane Eyre' started splendidly and once again the candid, almost diaphanous charm of Daphne Slater won great interest for the early chapters. But, like Miss Brontë's book, it gets less good as it goes on: and without the prim, bracing style of the narrative as written, the melodramatic bones stick out. Bernard Miles has stepped forth as one Titlark, an eccentric and a highly amusing one, flanked by Megs Jenkins and Jean Taylor-Smith, perfect foils and almost Dickensian representative of a certain British womanhood. Francis Durbridge's serial, 'My Friend Charles' is still in its early stages and may well develop more excitingly. There remains a more serious serial, the children's 'Jesus of Nazareth' which I take it has been making a great effect. Tom Fleming as Jesus speaks with dignity. If there is to be such acting at all, then here it is well done. The only pitfall seems to me to be in the colloquial language, which in the mouths of the humbler figures (lepers, etc.) is made to assume that 'mummerset' sound so often the province of Shakespearian clowns. This is, a speech or class distinction which does not arise either in the Authorised Version or, one suspects, in Aramaic. A lady who has lived long in the Holy Land writes to complain that they wear their hats back to front or some such, which I confess I had not noticed, but I will deal with the point another time.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Shadow and Substance

WHEN THE POET WRITES, let us say, 'While Guelph at last of Ghibelline is free', I can summon the fighting in the hot streets, the Montague-and-Capulet turmoil, rapier, and dagger. But (and I am grieved about it) it is harder to see in the mind's eye the battle between Communists and Nationalists in the China of thirty years ago. Many may find the task easier: these would have appreciated more than I did the drama that has lately come to us at third- or fourth-hand from André Malraux' novel, *La Condition Humaine*. I sat, in anxious respect, through 'The Lot of Man', as Edward Hyams calls his version of the Thierry Maulnier play

(Third), adapted by R. D. Smith, and the end did thrust across its moments of tormented horror. But the characters never seemed to me to be fully defined: the fault of neither production (Val Gielgud's) nor performance, but of the play which was too obviously a novel's intricate skeleton. One wanted much more of character and scene than the episode could offer.

The end, with its martyrdom, had a savage furnace-glow. For the rest, I remember now a world of shadows waiting to be brought into focus; acting by Joan Miller, Esmé Percy, and John Gabriel that often took one to the edge of fulfilment; and occasionally phrases, for example, 'Dying is passive, but to take one's own life is to act'. Before the play is broadcast again I shall have closed up a gap and read the book. But I do hold that M. Maulnier should have been able, in his text, to tell me more than he has done: I cannot take the entire blame.

So much has happened since THE LISTENER last appeared that I cannot let all the productions fade without a word. Quickly, then, In 'A Hedge Backward' (Third) Henry Reed continued his inquiry into the life of the poets' novelist, Richard Shewin. It will be published one day, for no man who suffers as the biographer (Hugh Burden) suffers, should be denied his hour of achievement. I enjoy Mr. Burden's weary politeness, his muffled sorrow, his resolve to go on whatever happens, sailing a misty sea among the gutter'd rocks and congregated sands. In the latest adventure (which also supplied Hilda Tablet's experiments with *unique concrète renforcée*) we met a General Bland who would go well with Evelyn Waugh's Colonel Blount, and who barked and quavered in the voice that Deryck Guyler can assume so miraculously elsewhere. 'I make but scant progress, I fear', said Mr. Burden greyly. He need not have worried.

Everyone in the Reed series comes up with stereoscopic sharpness: we know past, present, and future. That is true also of N. C. Hunter's people in 'A Picture of Autumn' (Home), produced sensitively by Val Gielgud. It is another of those neo-Chekhovian pieces that make this dramatist's critics say it would have been better if he had called himself Alexey Hunterov, and arranged to be re-born somewhere in the eighteen-fifties. The difference between the characters and those in Hunter's major work is that the autumnal folk of Winton Manor are well satisfied, placidly at ease, late larks that twitter in the quiet skies. Martin Lewis and Bryan Powley give apt performances.

'In Sand' (Third) was an idiosyncratic piece, by Jack B. Yeats, that sped-off, a 'leppin' and a 'leppin', into the western blue: a fantasy produced by Frederick Bradbury without the least self-consciousness, though one felt that the script might be self-conscious enough to read. 'Othello' (Home) should have more than a few lines. Alfred Drake's acting reminded me of a charcoal sketch, quick and bold, but with a good deal left out and a voice that was oddly contemporary. The play, in which Mr. Gielgud—who has had a full month—offered an ample text, came most potently to us in the voices of Stephen Murray, who allowed Iago's soliloquies to raise their evil fire, and Monica Grey, a touching and spirited Desdemona: in our theatre the epithets do not often run together.

The new serial (Home) is 'Cranford', and few of us can complain that we do not know the book; Thea Holme's serial version keeps the proper winning gravity. Elsewhere, in 'Take It From Here' (Home), Jimmy Edwards, far from Cranford, has been in form, with his voice like a crunching of gravel in a billowing mist: usually, we can take it from there. 'Ray's A Laugh' (Home) has been good-tempered and intermittently comic; I remember a 'Hancock's Half-Hour' (Light) in which, for some long-forgotten reason, Tony Hancock cried, in the tones of an anguished faun, 'Axe-grease all over my Renoir!' There has been blood all over the carpet in various agreeable Agatha Christie plays (Light); and 'The Barlowes of Beddington' (Light) continue their mild life.

J. C. TREWIN



Tremendous interest, with many postcards, was caused by our descriptions of SCHWEPPSHIRE and SCHWEPPSYLVANIA, which showed respectively England and the United States, only more so. In response to many requests to demonstrate the more so of Europe, we offer you this New Approach to an Old Continent.

There are conventional guide books to this region: but appearances are disschweppive. There have been vast inroads, huge metamorphoses, and lots of bits altered. Almost imperschweppibly the new is grafted onto the old.

While, of course, we try to be tremendously light in tone, our

deeper aim is to instruct, to show you each country in perschweppive — the art of Florence and Etruria preserved for the laurel-wreathed bicyclist and the heroes of the carburettor, the bold watch-makers of the Alpine Swiss, the left-bank inconsequence of French civil servants and family men, the patriotism, and pride in their historical heritage, of Greek absentee men of Big Business.

More simply, we hope to show you how, beneath the familiar characteristics individual to individual nations, is an underlying similarity, complementary yet necessarily counter, an equally deep-rooted conjunction of contrasted identities, linked by a sameness of opposites.

Written by Stephen Pollard. Illustrated by George?

★ SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

THE SPOKEN WORD

SHORT STORIES

ANY YEARS AGO the poet Wordsworth accused the critic of scorning the sonnet, and now I accuse the B.B.C., not for the first time, of scorning the short story. 'Children's Hour' is true, offers them fairly often in what Stevie Smith once styled 'the brattery' and the Light Programme frequently broadcasts a 'Morning Story' of the kind intended to have a wide appeal, by which remark I am defining its nature, not its quality. But in the Third Programme and the grown-up Home Service the short story is nowadays an accidental visitant, as ornithologists say, a great rarity. I have been told that good short stories in English are hard to come by these days. If this is so, the small encouragement given by the B.B.C. may well be a contributing cause of their scarcity. On the other hand, it is sometimes said that the space of twenty minutes or half an hour does not provide the author with enough elbow room for anything more than a 'sketch', a word used in this connection to signify a short story unworthy of the name. But this is not true, and a fine example of its untruth was given by a story read on the Third Programme last week called 'Two Fathers' by P. B. Abercrombie. The Third Programme was its proper place, for it would have been caviare to the general, indeed I can imagine that to a simple and sophisticated listener it would seem pointless and disconnected because its point — the unfolding of its painful situation — was presented entirely by implication. The story is told, not told, and shown so clearly that we seemed to be watching the events, so trifling in their face value but fundamentally so important, moving to their fatal conclusion.

Nothing could be more certain than that if Ella Wheeler Wilcox were alive today her poems would not be read on the Third Programme, either by herself or anyone else. Yet Naomi Lewis spoke of her in the Third Programme last week for no less than fifty minutes with the object not of holding her up to ridicule but of diagnosing her very peculiar taste; for, as older readers will recall, her verses were enthusiastically welcomed in homes where poetry was rigorously excluded. As I have said, Miss Lewis did not hold Mrs. Wilcox up to ridicule, but it would have been uncritical not to point out the absurd side of her verse and character, and, fortunately, Miss Lewis could safely leave this exposure to the poetress herself by judicious quotation from her verse and autobiographical writing.

The difficulty in assessing the quality of Mrs. Wilcox's verse lies in the fact that it is not entirely bad. For instance Miss Lewis introduced a poem — its title I think was 'A Social Dance' — which spoke in the very voice and manner of Hardy. Perhaps — I cannot remember — there was a false note or two, but it was a presentable poem and it aroused no embarrassing questions. Was the striking resemblance to Hardy an accident or an imitation? And is the presentable poem with a chance resemblance to the style of another poet better poem than one which is an imitation? Had Mrs. Wilcox read a word of Hardy's poetry and how much does it matter whether she had or had not? In criticising the poem, have we a right to ask? Poems and prose quotations from Mrs. Wilcox were admirably read by Natalie Lynn who succeeded in catching what one felt must have been the exact accent and manner of the original.

'Tonight in Newcastle' was a feature programme arranged and produced by Denis Mitchell and Robert Hudson and narrated by Laidman Browne, who boasted himself a Novocastrian. As another of the same breed I appointed myself its critic, but the programme recalled the old scenes and sounds so vividly that impartiality was difficult. However this in itself seems to sow that the programme was well constructed and presented a true likeness. If it had not, a touchy native would surely have been the first to protest.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

MOZART AGAIN

WHEN MOZART'S BICENTENARY was celebrated in January, it was remarked that during the climactic week no place was given in the broadcast programmes to his chamber music. That omission has been repaired during the past printless weeks in a series of concerts on Tuesday.

The series began with the two Serenades for wind instruments in E flat (K.375) and C minor (K.388), the masterpieces in that medium, and has comprised, besides three of the 'Haydn' Quartets, the great String Quintet in G minor coupled with the Clarinet Quintet, a programme of Violin Sonatas, and one of music for pianoforte and strings. A place was also found for two groups of songs, perhaps the most neglected section of Mozart's music.

The Serenades were played by the Dennis Brain Wind Ensemble with that fine musicianship and polish that the horn-player's name led one to expect. In the earliest of the three Violin Sonatas (K.306) performed by the Amsterdam Duo, the violinist's tone was apt to sound thin and scrawny in those passages where the violin merely touches in a few notes which are not really essential to the music. In the two later Sonatas (K.378 and 380), where the violin is promoted to something like equal rank with the pianoforte, the player produced a more ingratiating tone. The pianist's playing was deft and stylish throughout.

The programme of quintets on February 28 was disappointing, for the players failed to penetrate beneath the surface of the music and even in matters of balance and phrasing their performances were hardly worthy of the occasion. The Trio in E (K.542) and the Quartet in E Flat (K.493) for pianoforte and strings, played the following week by Geza Frid and the Amadeus String Quartet, went better. At this concert Erna Spoorenberg sang a group of songs which included, besides familiar masterpieces ('Abendempfndung' and 'Das Veilchen'), the rarely heard and no less beautiful 'Als Luise die Briefe' and the charming 'Die kleine Spinnerei'.

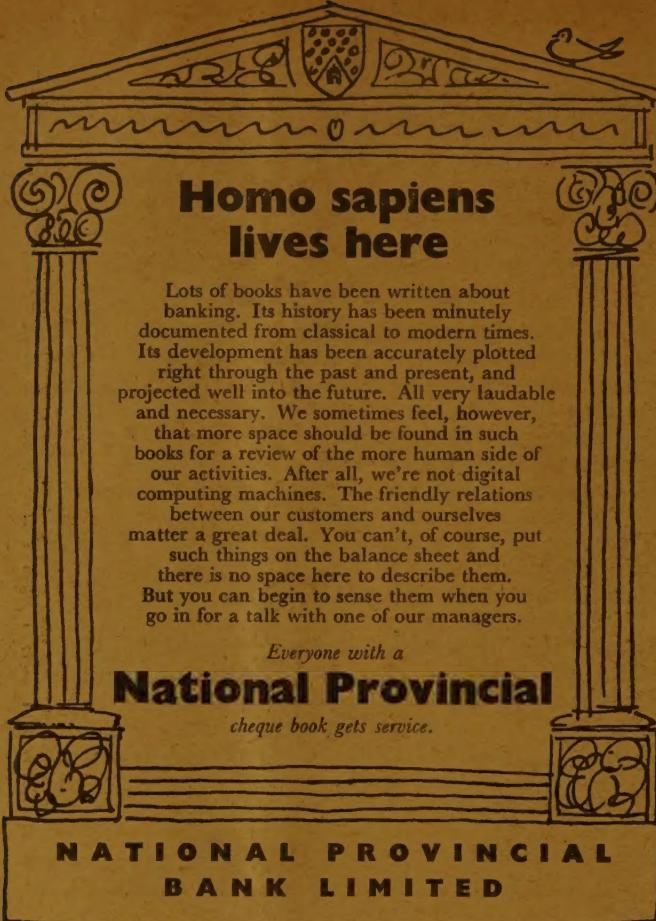
Three of Mozart's pianoforte concertos have also been heard in performances by Ralph Kirkpatrick who played on a fortepiano, that is an early pianoforte of the kind that Mozart himself used. Mr. Kirkpatrick is a scholar and a musician of the first order, and a most accomplished and sensitive performer on keyboard-instruments. But I doubt whether, apart from its historical interest, the proceeding was really justified.

A more commendable kind of musicology was exemplified in A. Hyatt King's reconstructions of Mozart's sketches for works he never completed. The most interesting of these fragments was a double concerto for violin and pianoforte, which would have been a notable accession to his concertante music. Mr. King was ably assisted in this interesting venture by the Robert Masters Quartet and the London Chamber Orchestra under Anthony Bernard.

The most important and impressive contribution by the B.B.C. to the bicentenary celebration, however, has been the production in two studio performances of 'La Clemenza di Tito', the 'serious' opera which Mozart hastily wrote for the Emperor's coronation at Prague in 1791. 'Titus' is not one of Mozart's masterpieces. Apart from the haste of its composition, which allowed him no time to give it any of the preliminary thought that went to the making of an apparently rapidly composed symphony or opera, the very form of the work was already obsolete. And it was not improved by the grafting on to Metastasio's libretto of duets and other ensembles designed to make it seem less old-fashioned. Yet though 'Titus', unlike 'Idomeneo', is not viable on the modern stage, it contains some beautiful music which makes it well worth an occasional hearing in concert form. Moreover, the performance, conducted by John Pritchard, reflected enormous credit in the company of English singers who took part in it.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

HIS HOTEL IS ALIVE AT SEA



**Homo sapiens
lives here**

Lots of books have been written about banking. Its history has been minutely documented from classical to modern times. Its development has been accurately plotted right through the past and present, and projected well into the future. All very laudable and necessary. We sometimes feel, however, that more space should be found in such books for a review of the more human side of our activities. After all, we're not digital computing machines. The friendly relations between our customers and ourselves matter a great deal. You can't, of course, put such things on the balance sheet and there is no space here to describe them. But you can begin to sense them when you go in for a talk with one of our managers.

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Ask the Man from the

PRUDENTIAL



G. E. BENNETT, Purser, aboard the P & O Steamer

WHAT'S up? Planning our breakfast? Lovely. Have you got a couple of nice fresh eggs? You've got seventy thousand of them plus fifty thousand pounds of fish . . . plus thirty seven tons of rice? Someone's got a mighty big appetite! Oh, you serve six thousand meals a day, I see. And what about drinks? Three hundred cases of Scotch whisky! Not a day, surely. Ah, the bar! Yes, of course.

But catering isn't your only concern, I gather. This list you've got here for example. Let's see . . . a hundred pairs of linen sheets . . . three hundred towels . . . twenty new hot-water bottles . . . two thousand boxes of stationery . . . half a dozen teddy bears? *Teddy bears?* You run a nursery then? You do! And a bank and a post office and an account office and . . . just a moment. Who are you? You are C. E. Bennett, senior Purser of the P & O fleet, aboard their latest steamer, the IBERIA . . . general manager of one of the finest hotels afloat . . . a man in the hotel business at sea. And P & O ships are a key factor between the nations of the Commonwealth.

Operating from 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company links Britain and Britons with the Mediterranean, Egypt, Pakistan, India, Ceylon, Australia, Malaya and the Far East.

P & O

A COMMONWEALTH LIFE LINE

or the Housewife

MAKING A CHEESECAKE

THE cheese cake I want to describe is made with curd cheese. Some people make this themselves from sour milk. But you can generally buy curd cheese—or cream cheese—quite easily.

Though it is called a cake, it is really more like a flan. You make it in a square, or round, sandwich tin or flat tin. It generally has a rich pastry case, and the cheese mixture is spread inside this before cooking.

For the filling you will need one pound of curd cheese. Break this up in a bowl with a fork. Add about half a dessertspoon of custard powder (this gives it a rich, pale yellow tinge). Then mix in one beaten egg, about three or four dessertspoons of top of the milk, and sugar to taste. (I use about three dessertspoons of caster sugar). Beat it all together to a smooth, soft, creamy mixture.

As I have said, the popular version uses a pastry case—either a rich, short crust or a biscuit crust. But I now use a lighter version. Grate up some sponge cake into fine crumbs and knead them lightly to a marzipan-like consistency with melted butter or margarine. You can buy the sponge cakes; I would recommend those individual ones that are sold in packets of eight or ten. You will probably need to melt about two ounces of fat to get the slightly crumbly texture. Press the sponge mixture into the base and sides of the greased tin. Then spread in the soft, creamy cheese mixture.

Sprinkle the top with dry crumbs of sponge cake. Top with a few tiny pats of butter or margarine. Bake in a fairly hot oven for about twenty to thirty minutes.

For the base you need eight or ten small sponge cakes, grated to crumbs, mixed with about two to three ounces of melted butter or margarine. Reserve a few of the crumbs to sprinkle over the top of the cheese. If, instead of the sponge-cake base, you prefer pastry, make half a pound of rich, short-crust or biscuit-crust pastry.

LOUISE DAVIES

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

TERENCE PRITTIE (page 271): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany.

SIBYL EYRE CROWE (page 273): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University; author of *Berlin West African Conference 1884-1885*.

R. C. TRESS (page 275): Professor of Political Economy, Bristol University since 1951.

MICHAEL HOWARD (page 279): Lecturer in Military Studies, London University.

ELSIE BUTLER (page 281): Professor Emeritus of German, Cambridge University; author of *Fortunes of Faust*, *Rainer Maria Rilke*, etc.

A. R. N. CROSS (page 282): Lecturer in Law, Oxford University;

ARTHUR WALEY, C.B.E., LL.D., Lit.D. (page 286): author of *The Real Tripitaka*, *The Poetry and Career of Li Po*, A.D. 701-762, etc.

crossword No. 1,347

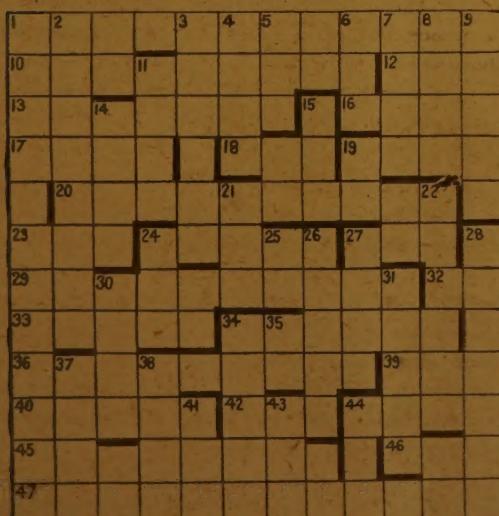
Sub Rosa.

By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively. Closing date: first post on Thursday, March 29. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of *The Listener*, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. The rose without a thorn; so are the rest it would appear (2 words) (12).
10. Spenser's quality, moving through his clouded heaven: easy for him without the truth (9).
- 12B. As hot as hell and damnation (3).
13. 31U for 28D? (vide Gilbert White) (7).
16. A wise man and a Boeotian (4).
17. Bind with a band (4).
18. (3).
19. See above; the point exactly over one (4).
20. Remembered with Bedford and Exeter (3 words) (10).
- 23B. For Miltonic proboscis (3).
24. For old-fashioned tastes: restore the lining of the hat back to front (5).
27. See 19D.
29. Britannia (10).
32. See 46A.
33. See



- 42A. 34. The wicket that doesn't fall (6).
36. Some go to her for a children's tale (2 words) (9).
39. Just imagine—coming from a youth in knickerbockers (3).
40. The hour in which Wordsworth rose to the occasion (5).
- 42-33B. Tope-Hole (8).
44. See 35D.
- 45B. It's about that (8).
- 46-24U-32A. And it's about this the heretic loses his head: that's what's causing the excitement (8).
47. The hare is this and this is puce (2 words) (12).

DOWN

1. Robs the workers and squeaks when caught (2 words) (12).
2. Sometimes, proves half as long as half a second (8).
3. Purple-seller's city (6).
4. The square at the bottom (4).
5. Drunk in the ice-cream parlour (3).
6. Put in an appearance over the Border (3).
7. O dainty duck! in an appearance over the Border (3).
8. Lamb's ale taster (4).
9. See 14D.
11. One of two (4).
14. Boasting about 9D. (4).
15. A bump in the road before you-ma'am (3).
- 19-27A. Thumbed in the Tyrol (5).
- 21U. Essex St. (3).
- 22U. The thing about a hotel that helps to reduce over-crowding (6).
24. See 46A.
- 25-35. Intended for sale in some China shop (4).
36. Its author is the reverse of eccentric about murrays (5).
- 27 8D's subject aged a little (4).
28. Norfolk player (7).
30. Came from Bohemia and dropped the Joachims for money (4).
31. See 13A.
34. The more you take, the more confused becomes your proposition (5).
- 35U-44A. Thin pole used as an aid in propulsion (6).
37. Practised in Victorian fiction (4).
38. Seat of government (4).
- 41U. Carriages of state, old forts and rock-cut temples (3).
43. Kentish town (3).
- 44U. Plenty of gooseberries made Marjorie's watter (3).

Solution of No. 1,345

1	3	2	4	2
1	0	3	2	3
3	4	3	4	4
1	2	0	1	0
4	2	0	0	1

All the calculations are in the scale of 5

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